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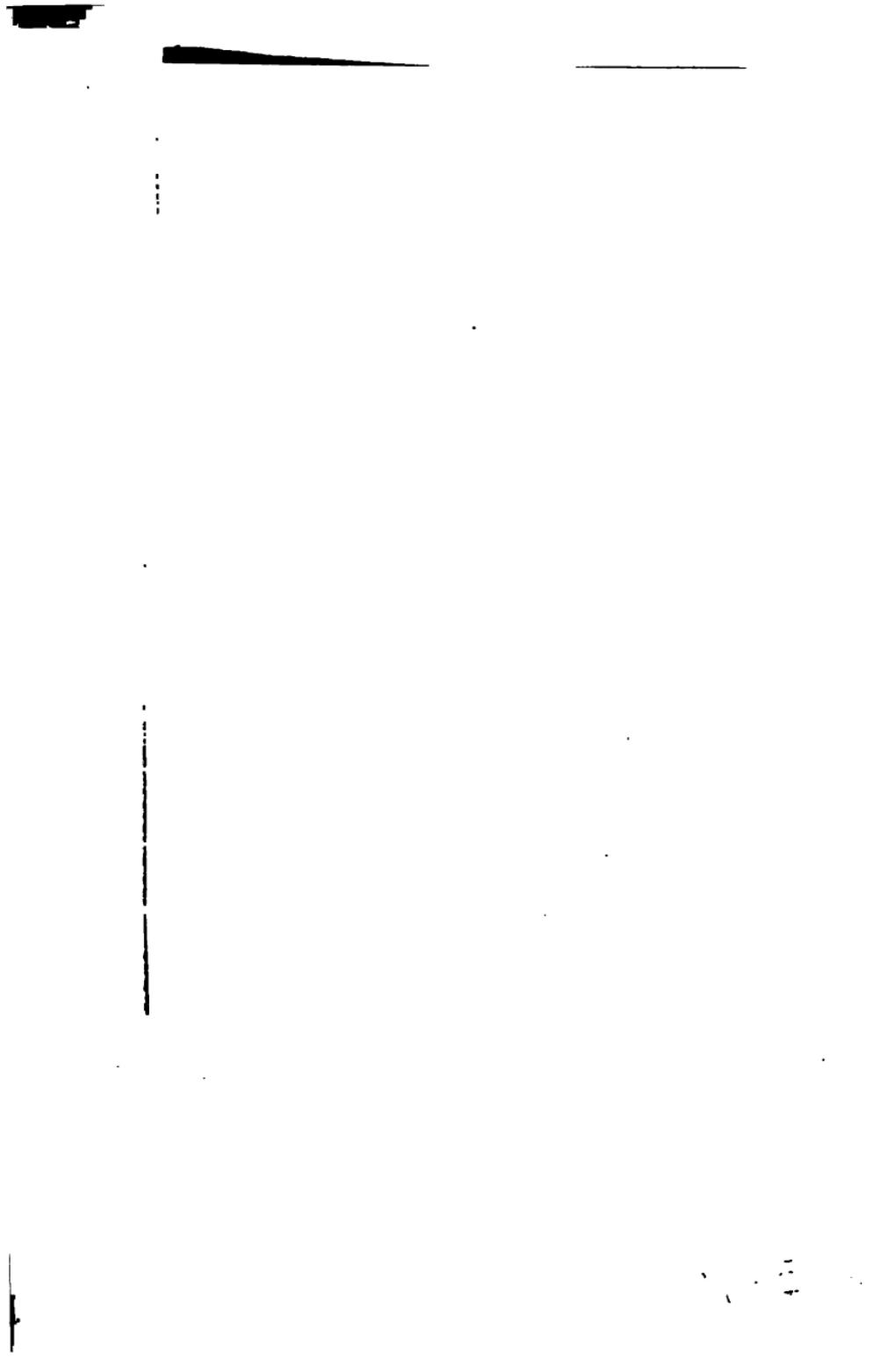


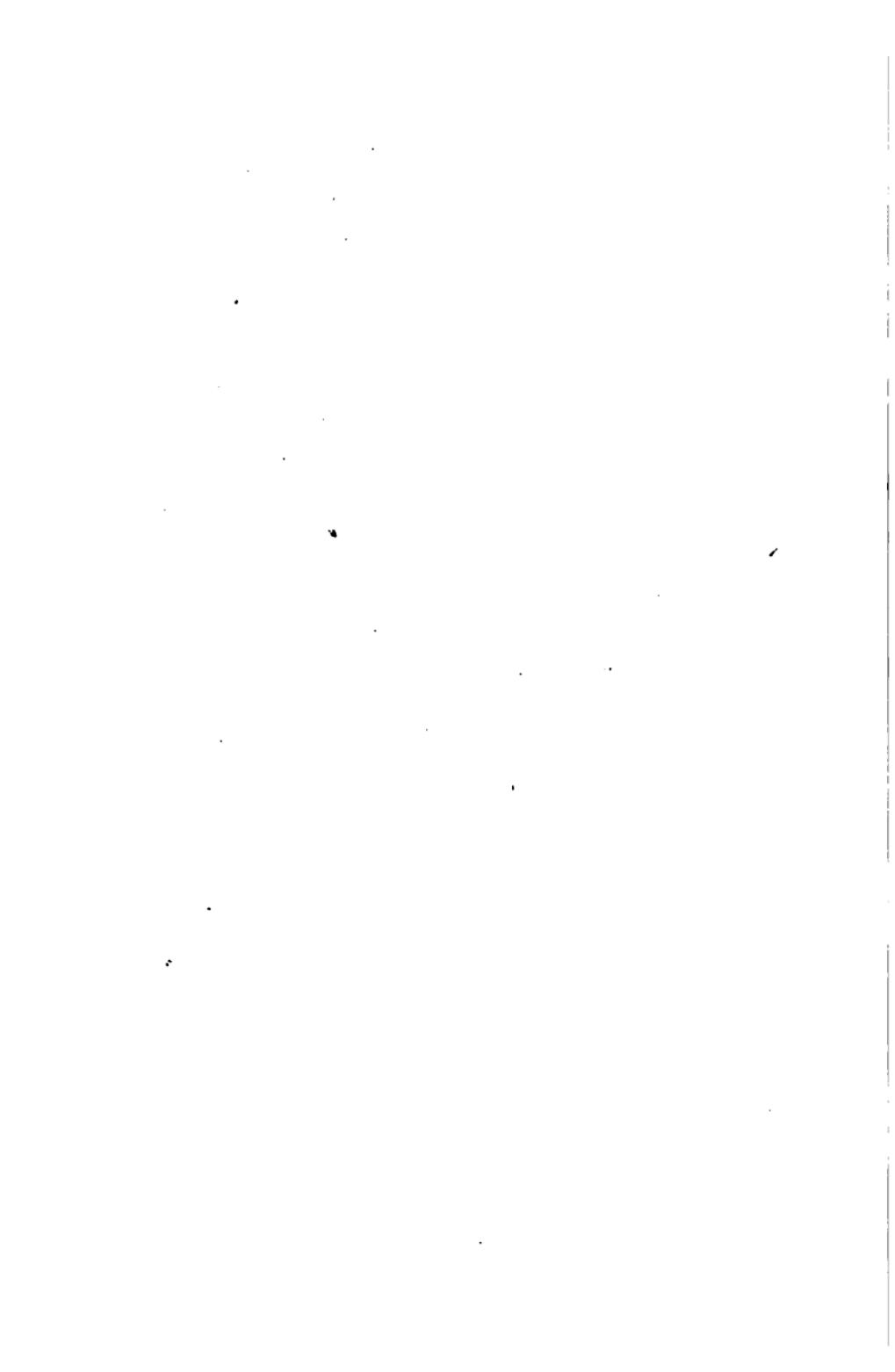
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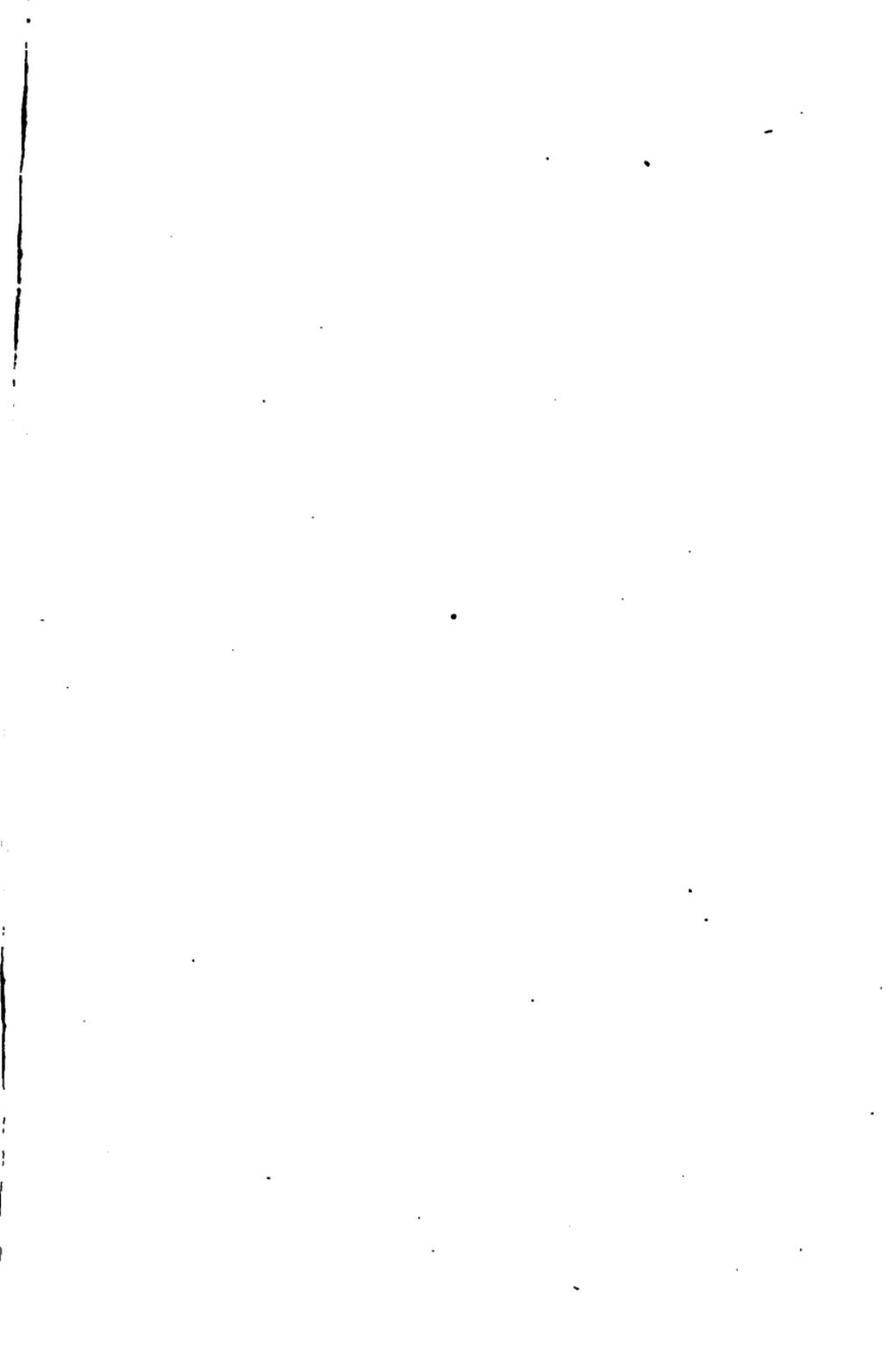
Gems
OF
Verse

Cotterford













A decorative title banner featuring a central oval frame. The word "Gems" is written in a cursive script on the left side of the oval, and "of Verse." is written in a similar script on the right side. The entire title is enclosed within a decorative border consisting of symmetrical, swirling scrollwork that tapers at both ends.

Gems of Verse.



in Stark

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A.J.E.

THINGS OF BEAUTY,

SET WITH

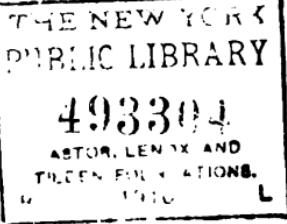
EEMS OF VERSE.

"A Thing of Beauty is a joy for ever."

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED FOR CARROLL & HUTCHINSON,
BY C. W. BENEDICT, 12 SPRUCE STREET.

1853.



TO
THE PATRONS
OF
CARROLL & HUTCHINSON,
IN PARTICULAR,
AND TO THE LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL
GENERALLY,
THIS UNIQUE VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY
Dedicated.

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GEMS OF VERSE.

"Inez."

Down behind the hidden village, fringed around
with hazel brake,
(Like the holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and
half awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's
sake),
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven-
enamored lake.

When the sinking sun of August, growing large in
the decline,
Shot his arrows, long and golden, through the maple
and the pine :
And the russet-thrush fled singing from the alder to
the vine,
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave its melancholy
whine.

And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves, a pleasant
music made,

And they dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blos-
soms thick inlaid :—

There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet
woe we played,

Till fair Inez' eyes, like evening, held the dew be-
neath their shade.

There I wove for her love ballads, such as lover only
weaves,

Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving
maiden grieves ;

And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets
from the leaves,

As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning 'mid the oriental
sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet :—gazing deep
into her eye,

There I told her all my passion ! With a sudden
blush and sigh,

Turning half away, with look askant, she only made
reply,

“How deep within the water glows the happy eve-
ning sky !”

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met
each in each,
And the dainty, sighing ripples seemed to listen up
the reach;
While thus slowly with a hazel wand she wrote along
the beach,
“Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is
stirred to speech.”

Thus I gained the love of Inez—thus I won her gen-
tle hand ;
And our paths now lie together, as our footprints on
the strand ;
We have vowed to love each other in the golden
morning land,
When our names from earth have vanished, like the
writing from the sand !

THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

Poetry.

POESY ! Poesy ! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find

Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry as a fingered moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me ?
Wilt bid me die for thee ? O fair and cold !
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy ! Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave would break on thee, and die.
There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortalness
To stand on time as on a pedestal ;
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart.
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine ;
I am so cursed, and wear within my soul
A pang as fierce as Dives, drowsed with wine,
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams ;
Waked by a fiend in hell !—
'Tis not for me, ye Heavens ! 'tis not for me

To fling a Poem, like a comet, out,
Far splendoring the sleepy realms of night.
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,
As when upon a racking night, the wind
Draws the pale curtains of the vapory clouds,
And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

This Chequered Life.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,—
Each brightly or darkly as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried.
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light, brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of light, and with heart full of
play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.

But pledge me the goblet ;—while Idleness weaves
These flow'rets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves,
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Last Good Night.

CLOSE her eyelids, press them gently
O'er the dim and leaden eyes,
For the soul that made them lovely
Hath returned into the skies ;
Wipe the death-drops from her forehead,
Sever one dear golden tress,
Fold her icy hands all meekly,

Smooth the snowy little dress ;
Scatter flowers o'er her pillow—
• Gentle flowers, so pure and white—
Lay this bud upon her bosom ;
There—now softly say, *Good Night !*

Though our tears flow fast and faster,
Yet we would not call her back,
We are glad her feet no longer
Tread life's rough and stormy track ;
We are glad our Heavenly Father
Took her while her heart was pure,
We are glad He did not leave her
All life's trials to endure ;
We are glad—and yet the tear-drop
Falleth ; for, alas ! we know
That our fireside will be lonely,
We shall miss our darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather,
We shall wait in vain to feel
Little arms all white and dimpled,
Round our necks so softly steal ;
Our wet cheeks will miss the pressure
Of sweet lips as warm and red,
And our bosoms sadly, sadly
Miss that darling little head,

Which was wont to rest there sweetly,
And those gentle eyes so bright,
We shall miss their loving glances,
We shall miss their soft *Good Night.*

You ask me how I live.

LIVING friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again;
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed,
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
Is of little Christian use;
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse.
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night;
If thou wouldest improve a brother,
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world,
Every bosom round me frozen,
Not an eye with pity pearled ;
Still my heart with kindness teeming,
Glad when other hearts are glad,
And my eye a tear-drop findeth
At the sight of others sad.

Man is man through all gradations,
Little recks it where he stands,
How divided into nations,
Scattered over many lands ;
Man is man, by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too,
Man in all—one common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

The Dying Italian.

“ DARLING, fold thine arms around me,
Lay thy warm lips close to mine !
Fast are breaking links which bound me
Fondly to thy bosom’s shrine.

Death's dark shroud is falling o'er me—
All around me and above—
Dark the valley lies before me—
All is gloomy—*all but love.*

“Thou art near—thy heart is beating—
Wildly beating 'gainst my own,
As you count the pulse which, fleeting,
Soon will leave thee all alone.
Darling lover, hope is over,
Still each wish *will* grow profane,
Still will hover round my lover,
Breathing wishes wild and vain.

“When the breath of summer flowers
Crowns with gold our trysting-tree,
Will it 'mind thee of sweet hours
Passed beneath its shade with me ?
When the brook with wild leaves darkling
Makes sweet music in the dell,
Wilt thou ask the wavelets sparkling
Where is she who loved so well ?

“Now my breath is failing, failing—
Clasp me closer to thy breast !
Nay—thy grief so unavailing
Holds my spirit from its rest.

Even 'mid the joys of heaven
Dost thou think I could be glad,
If to me the power were given,
Knowing *thou* wert lone and sad?"

Let us draw a veil around them—
Shroud idolatry and love;
Soon the golden chain which bound them
Gathered strength in heaven above.
Soon, as falls the withered blossom
Noiselessly upon the sod,
So, upon the loved one's bosom,
Stole her spirit to its God.

HARRIET MARION STEPHENS.

flowers.

How beautiful the flowers are!
How bright they make our way,
Strewing the earth so variedly
With all their rich array!
They speak to us with eloquence
Of His majestic power,
Who even stoops to show his skill
In fashioning a flower.

I fain would think that they shall be
With their sweet looks of love,
Among the many pleasant things
That we shall meet above.

If they are even perfect here,
Where storms and tempests rise,
What would they be if blossoming
Beneath celestial skies ?

There they would never droop their leaves
Or cease their scented breath ;
Their tender veins would not be chill'd
Beneath the frosts of death ;
An immortality of bloom
Would thus to them be given ;
The faintest rose-tint could not fade—
There is no death in heaven.

The Rest of Heaven.

Who are the happy ? Dwell they here,
Where earthly sorrows grow ?
No ! in yon bright, celestial sphere,
They 'scape from change and woe.

The unfading garden of the soul

'Tis their delight to dress,

While from eternal fountains roll

Full tides of happiness.

On them no baleful sun shall cast

A fervid, fatal ray,—

Nor tempest rise with whelming blast

To sweep their hopes away ;

No rose with piercing thorn shall wound,

No bitter streamlet flow,—

No serpent coiled 'mid flowers be found

To dart the sting of woe.

How came they to that glorious place ?—

Rise ! when the dawn is dim,

And kneel before your Maker's face,

And humbly ask of Him.

Go, seek the grace of Him who died

On Calvary's purple breast,

Your weak and wayward steps to guide

To Heaven's unbroken rest.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Erring.

THINK gently of the erring,
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring,
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage ;
Child of the self-same God ;
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring,
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without your censure rough ?

It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring,
Thou yet mayest lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be,—
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

The Lost Art.

“ Oh trust not, youth, the visions fair,
That charm thy ravished heart;
But in the Galleries dim and old,
More wondrous visions shalt thou behold.
There study thine ancient art.

“ There worship the great old Masters,
There copy their Works sublime,

These shall an *Inspiration* give,
That shall make thy humble work outlive
The annals of thy time."

And mildly answered the artist,
"A gallery have I
That girdles this beautiful earth around,
That reaches the mystic dim profound,
Its roof the vaulted sky.

And deep within the studio
Of my awed and ravished soul,—
Painting forever in silence there,
His canvas wonderfully fair
The **MASTER** doth unroll.

Where studied these ancient artists?
Who gave them their wondrous skill?
In Nature's Gallery divine
They worshiped at Thought's interior shrine,
With God their **Master** still."

JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

Lines on Revisiting the Country.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever restless feet of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year.
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains,—to behold,
With deep affection, the pure ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled,—
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;

And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun ! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind ! most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows ; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime !
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

BRYANT.

Beauty Immortal.

BEAUTY still walketh on the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's numbers were outrolled ;
The roses of the spring are ever fair ;

'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair ;
And the deep seas still foam their music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This Beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
'Tis pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending,
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no earthly tune,
Like thine, sweet friend ! O dearer thou to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music, with a golden ending !

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Love and Death.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes ;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight :
“ You must begone,” said Death, “ these walks are
mine.”

Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;
Yet ere he parted said, “ This hour is thine :
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree

Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
 So in the light of great eternity
 Life eminent creates the shade of death ;
 The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
 But I shall reign for ever over all."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Circumstance.

Two children in two neighbor villages
 Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas ;
 Two strangers meeting at a festival ;
 Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall ;
 Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease ;
 Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
 Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed ;
 Two children in one hamlet born and bred ;
 So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Forget-me-not.

A TRIFLE; sweet! which true love spells—
 True love interprets—right alone.
 His light upon the letter dwells,
 For all the spirit is his own.

So, if I waste words now, in truth
 You must blame Love. His early rage
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
 And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone,
 Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
 Do make a garland for the heart:
So sing that other song I made,
 Half-anger'd with my happy lot,
The day, when in the chestnut shade
 I found the blue Forget-me-not.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*L*ove.

Love that hath us in the net,
 Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
 Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
 Even so.
Love is hurt with jar and fret.
 Love is made a vague regret.

Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habits link us yet.
What is love ? for we forget :
Ah, no ! no !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Fatima.

O Love, Love, Love ! O withering might !
O sun, that from thy noonday height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,
Lo, falling from my constant mind,
Lo, parch'd and withered, deaf and blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers :
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers :
I rolled among the tender flowers :
I crushed them on my breast, my mouth :
I look'd athwart the burning drouth
Of that long desert to the south.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

fatimer.

LAST night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye:
I *will* possess him or will die.

I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

On a Lady singing to her Lute.

FAIR charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:

Well might, alas ! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heavenly when an angel plays :
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heavenly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees ; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he :
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

POPE.

Sleeping.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes ;
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise :
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops like morning dew,
Foretell the fervor of the day :
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.

The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaeton appears,
That heaven, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears :
Else might the ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, heaven too on fire.

POPE.

Ode on Solitude.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night : study and ease,
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

POPE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 • Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly
Oh grave ! where is thy victory ?
Oh death where is thy sting ?

POPE.

Phryne.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfined,
Like some free port of trade :
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether the Italian, or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her ;
To all obliging she'd appear :
'Twas 'Si Signor,' 'twas 'Yaw Mynheer.'
'Twas 'S'il vous plait, Monsieur.'

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,

At length she turns a bride :
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

POPE.

Memory.

WHILOME thou camest with the morning mist,
 And with the evening cloud,
 Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast,
 (Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
 Never grow sere,
 When rooted in the garden of the mind,
 Because they are the earliest of the year).
 Nor was the night thy shroud.
 In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
 Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.
 The eddying of her garments caught from thee

The light of thy great presence ; and the cope
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Though deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress ;
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful :
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.
Oh strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Lotus-Eaters.

THEY sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

Then some one said, " We will return no more ;
And all at once they sang, " Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

TENNYSON.

Of old sat Freedom on the Heights.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

Within her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

TENNYSON.

I Loved.

I LOVED, and love dispelled the fear
That I should die an early death :
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer breath.
My mother thought, What ails the boy ?
For I was alter'd, and began
To move about the house with joy,
And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,

The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with May !
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the day ;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little one !
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

TENNYSON.

Oriana.

Oh ! breaking heart, that will not break,
Oriana ;

Oh ! pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana.

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana :

What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana ?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.

Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

TENNYSON.

Song.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers ;
To himself he talks ;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks ;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers :
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
 As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death :
 My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
 At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
 And the year's last rose.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

TENNYSON.

Isabel.

Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
 With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
 Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
 Of her still spirit ; locks not wide disspread,
 Madonna-wise on either side her head ;
 Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
 The summer calm of golden charity,

Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

TENNYSON.

Lilian.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can :
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks ;
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple

Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughter's dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks ;
Then away she flies.

P R E F A C E.

We have great pleasure in presenting to the patrons of our establishment a catalogue of its contents, in a form so attractive as the present volume. Herein they will find a vast multitude of beautiful things alternating with beautiful thoughts ; or, as it is expressed in the title-page, "Things of beauty set with gems of verse." We deal in the beautiful. It is our task to clothe common implements with beauty, and to invest all the trifles worn upon the person, or carried in the street, or used at home, with elegance of form. It is our object to blend perfect utility with perfect beauty ; and, therefore, it seems peculiarly appropriate that we should summon to our assistance on this occasion the charms of verse, by which to break up, and agreeably diversify, the monotony of our catalogue. We hope by this pleasant expedient to secure a more general and careful perusal of the work, which is now submitted to the inspection of our friends and the public.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON.

547 *Broadway, New York.*

TO STRANGERS AND CITIZENS.

NOTHING is more natural or more amiable, than our national practice of giving presents, particularly upon reaching home after a temporary absence. A visit to New York is usually a source of considerable enjoyment to those who reside at a distance from the great metropolis, and it is only fair to carry back to those left at home some articles of taste and utility, which shall render the recipients thereof, to some extent, sharers in the pleasures of the journey, and which may serve as an agreeable memento of past delight. Travellers, strangers and citizens, who desire to gratify their relatives, friends or partners in business in the manner alluded to, are respectfully informed, that nowhere in town can they find a better assortment of articles suitable for presents, than at the well known establishment of CARROLL & HUTCHINSON, No. 547 Broadway.

The absent Lover to his Beloved.

JEWELS brought from afar of every kind will I bring
thee;

Clasps of glittering gold shall shine on thy delicate
wrists;

There shall the emerald vie with the ruby: the beauti-
ful sapphire,

By the bright hyacinth's side, sparkle with emulous
light;

And the rich gold shall knit the glittering brilliants
together.

O, how the bridegroom exults simply in decking his
bride!

If I see pearls, of *thee* I shall think, and every ring
shall

Bring to my fancy the fair form of thy tapering hand.
I shall traffic and buy; but thou shalt choose thee the
richest.

All my cargo to thee cheerfully will I devote.

Yet not treasures and jewels alone thy beloved will
purchase: -

All that a housewife enjoys, that will I bring with
me too.

Fine woolen coverings I'll bring, with borders of
purple to make thee

Couches soft and warm, where we may quietly sleep.
Costly pieces of linen, I see thee sitting and sewing,
Clothing me and thyself, and afterwards, maybe, a
third.

GOETHE.

Honesty.

Fools! not to know how better for the soul,
An honest half than an ill-gotten whole ;
How richer he who dines on herbs with health
Of heart, than knaves with all their wines and wealth.

HESIOD.

Conscience.

AN honest man to law makes no resort ;
His conscience is the better rule of court.

ANTIPHANE.

The Just Man.

All are not just because they do no wrong.
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not them,
Who, in their petty dealings, pilfer not ;
But him whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise ;
His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn,
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To *be*, not to be *thought*, an honest man !

PHILEMON.

Honest Wealth.

THE first of human joys is health :
Next, beauty : and then honest wealth.

LIMONIDES.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON,

IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN

The Exquisite, Useful, and Fancy Manufactures of
FRANCE, GERMANY, ENGLAND, CHINA, THE EAST
INDIES, AND THE INDIAN TRIBES OF
NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA,

BEG to call the special attention of dealers and the public to the following facts:—

Their establishment is at all times thoroughly stocked with the *best* varieties of articles in their line of business.

They enjoy the best facilities for the purchase of goods on advantageous terms, which, together with their large sales, enables them to sell at the most reasonable rates.

They have an agent in Paris, from whom they receive everything new and *recherche* as soon as possible after its appearance in any of the European capitals.

The price of every article which they offer for sale is plainly marked with its lowest cash price, from which there can, in no case, be any abatement. Carroll and Hutchinson know no difference between

the "asking" and the "taking" price. They mean to do business in a fair, straightforward way.

Both strangers and citizens may rely on the most scrupulously polite treatment at their establishment, whether they become purchasers or not.

Ladies are expressly and most respectfully invited to call during their promenade in Broadway, and amuse themselves by examining the pictures, statuettes, and other works of art and taste, with which the walls and shelves of this store are always adorned.

Commerce and Art.

EACH climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use ;
No land but listens to the common call
And in return receives supply from all.
This genial intercourse and mutual aid,
Cheers what were else a universal shade,
Calls nature from her ivy-mantled den,
And softens human rock-work into men.
Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race ;
Not only fills necessity's demand,
But overcharges her capacious hand ;

Capricious taste herself can crave no more,
Than she supplies from her abounding store ;
She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
And gains new vigor at her endless task.
Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
The painter's pencil and the poet's lyre ;
From her the canvas borrows light and shade,
And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.
She guides the fingers o'er the dancing keys,
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease :
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.
These are the gifts of Art—and Art thrives most
Where Commerce has enriched the busy coast.

COWPER.

BEAUTY AND UTILITY.

CATALOGUE OF USEFUL AND ELEGANT ARTICLES,

IMPORTED BY

CARROLL AND HUTCHINSON,

AND FOR SALE AT THEIR NEW FANCY GOODS STORE,

NO. 547 BROADWAY.

*Between Spring and Prince Streets, opposite the Dusseldorf Gallery, and
within a few minutes walk of the Metropolitan, St. Nicholas,
Collamore, New York, Union Place, Prescott
and Clarendon Hotels.*

Fixed and Moderate Cash Prices marked in plain figures on each Article.

The Ring.

I SATE upon a mountain,
From home-land far away,
Below me hills and valleys,
Meadows and corn-fields lay.

The ring from off my finger
In reverie I drew,
The pledge of fond affection
She gave at our adieu.

I held it like a spy-glass
Before my dreaming eye,
And through the hooplet peeping,
The world began to spy.

Ah, bright green, sunny mountains,
And fields of waving gold !
In sooth, a lovely picture
For such fair frame to hold !

Here, many a neat, white cottage
Smiles on the wooded steep,
There scythe and sickle glisten
Along the valley's sweep !

And farther onward stretches
The plain the stream glides through,
And (boundary guards of granite),
Beyond, the mountains blue.

Cities with domes of marble,
And thickets, fresh and green,
And clouds that, like my longings,
Towards the dim distance lean ;

Green earth and bright blue heaven,
The dwellers and their land—
All this, in one fair picture,
My golden hoop-frame spanned.

Oh, fairest of fair pictures,
To see, by Love's ring spanned,
The green earth and blue heaven,
The people and their land !

FROM THE GERMAN.

DIAMONDS.

IN every age of the world the Diamond has been regarded as the most splendid and distinguished ornament of the human person; and at no period has the possession of this queen of gems been more coveted than at the present time. In the society of New York no frequenter of the fashionable world will deny, that Diamonds are emphatically the rage.

To meet the growing demand, CARROLL AND HUTCHINSON have greatly increased their stock of Diamonds and Diamond Jewelry. They now offer to their patrons a very large, superior, and carefully selected stock of Diamonds, single or in clusters, Diamond Rings, Diamond Broaches, Diamond Earrings, and every other article set or ornamented with diamonds.

DIAMONDS RESET IN MODERN STYLE, AND IN AN IMPROVED METHOD.

**All Diamonds sold by Carroll and Hutchinson
are warranted to be of the first water.**

Orders for more elaborate Necklaces, Coronets, &c., than are usually kept in a manufactured state, will be executed with all possible promptness.

A Home.

THREE radiant faces, radiant with a pleasure
Known in its fulness to the good alone—
Three happy hearts—to one delightful measure
Thrilling in perfect harmony of tone !

As summer stars in their serenest splendor,
Shine down on Earth's fair flowerets from above,
So shone the mother's eye—so fond, so tender—
On her young child—the first fair flower of Love.

And proudly as the morning sun advances
To look on earth when she is glad and bright,
The happy father turns with radiant glances,
To the two forms who make his world of Light.

Well may he proudly gaze, the blessings near him,
Were won by years of patient toil and care ;
In the dim, clouded past, there came to cheer him,
A vision of this hour serene and fair.

With fortune lowly, but with soul aspiring—
Left lone and friendless in his boyhood's day—
He yet with step unfaltering, heart untiring,
Launched boldly forth upon life's devious way.

Patient and frugal when stern want assailed him,
Fearless and tireless in the darkest hour,
He still toiled on—and hopes that never failed him
Were crowned at last by honor, wealth, and power.

And now, 'mid all the world's alluring pleasures,
No higher, holier recompense can come,
Than these communings with his household treasures,
These joys serene that bless his happy home.

EMELINE G. SMITH.

GOLD JEWELRY.

SPECIAL attention is paid by Carroll & Hutchinson to the selection of Rings.

Their present stock consists of a superb assortment of Diamond Rings, Pearl Rings, Enamelled Rings, Wedding Rings, (warranted 22 carats fine), Seal Rings, Mourning Rings, Chased Rings, Locket Rings, and every other variety manufactured here or in Europe.

All of these, our visitors will readily discover, are in perfect taste and of excellent quality.

FINE GOLD WATCHES.

THE manufacture of Watches has been brought, within the last few years, to the utmost perfection conceivable. CARROLL and HUTCHINSON are constantly supplied with gold watches in all their varieties of style, size, pattern and price, including those of the best makers in England, France, Germany and Switzerland.

Ladies' enamelled watches, both in single and double cases. Some remarkably beautiful patterns recently imported.

An extensive variety of gentlemen's hunting-watches, of uncommon excellence.

WATCHES CAREFULLY REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

CARROLL and HUTCHINSON have in their employment an experienced and skilful watchmaker, to whom watches of the most delicate construction may be entrusted with perfect confidence.

CHRONOMETERS IMPORTED TO ORDER.

If thou'l be mine.

If thou'l be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green—if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'l own—if thou wilt be mine, love.

THOMAS MOORE.

GOLD JEWELRY.

IN this beautiful branch of manufacture an inconceivable variety of tasteful articles is now produced.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON have a splendid assortment of fine Gold Jewelry, both enamelled and plain. The latest German, French, English and American patterns.

Rings in all their countless varieties. Ear-rings, breastpins, bouches, bracelets, hair-pins, and every other article in this department.

New goods received by every steamer, carefully selected for Carroll & Hutchinson by their Agent in Paris.

The public may rely on the quality of the materials employed in the manufacture of their jewelry, as well as on the fairness of the prices asked for it.

Every article in their Stock is precisely what it pretends to be—no better, no worse.

What the Bee is to the Flow'ret.

*He.—*WHAT the bee is to the flow'ret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they may.

GOLD JEWELRY.

An immense variety of Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Scarf Pins, Gold Pencil-cases, Pen-cases and Gold Pens, Lockets, Chains, Buckles, Seals and Seal Rings.

A PARTICULARLY RICH ASSORTMENT OF STUDS, EMBRACING
THOSE OF DIAMOND, PEARL, ENAMEL, BESIDES
A VARIETY OF PLAIN PATTERNS.

Lines on a Vase of flowers.

I GAZE upon these simple flowers
As something I revere ;
They grew in love's enchanted bowers—
And Love hath placed them here.

I kiss their cheeks of virgin bloom,
I press their dewy lips,
While my rapt soul of their perfume,
Inebriated sips.

I look into their violet eyes,
And feel my heart grow calm,
And fancy I'm in Paradise,
Inhaling Eden's balm.

There in ecstatic dreams I rove
Among celestial bowers,
Weaving a garland for my love,
Of beatific flowers.

ESTELLA ANNE LEWIS.

GOLD JEWELRY.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON keep pace with the ever increasing demand for ladies' Chatelains, which are now so much admired and so universally worn in the world of fashion. A large variety now ready for inspection.

Gentlemen's Guard Chains, Vest Chains, &c., of purely French design, many of which are of extraordinary beauty and entire novelty. The gold of these articles is warranted to be 18 carats fine.

Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine the assortment of these articles, which is not surpassed by that of any establishment in the city.

florence.

WITHIN this fair Etruscan clime
By vine-clad slopes and olive plains,
And round these walls still left by Time,
The bound'ries of his old domains :—

Here at the dreamer's golden goal,
Whose dome o'er winding Arno drops,
Where old Romance still breathes its soul
Through Poetry's enchanted stops :

Where Art still holds her ancient state
(What though her banner now is furled),
And keeps within her guarded gate
The household treasures of the world :—

What joy amid all this to find
One single bird, or flower, or leaf,
Earth's any simplest show designed
For pleasure, what though frail or brief—

If but that leaf, or bird, or flower
Were wafted from the western strand,
To breathe into one happy hour
The freshness of my native land !

That joy is mine—the bird I hear,
The flower is blooming near me now,
The leaf that some great bard might wear
In triumph on his sacred brow.

For, lady, while thy voice and face
Make thee the Tuscan's loveliest guest,
Within this old romantic space
Breathes all the freshness of the West.

THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

The Origin of the Harp.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for
thee,

Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold tresses to steep ;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smil'd the
same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light
frame ;

And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when
away.

THOMAS MOORE.

IMITATION JEWELRY.

THOSE who have not examined the most recent improvements in this manufacture, can form little idea of the perfection to which it has been brought. C. & H. have a very large assortment of articles of this kind, which utterly *defy* detection ; having every appearance of the best gold, if not even rivalling that metal in beauty and lustre. A great deal of gilt jewelry is now worn by persons of high fashion and taste, both in America and Europe. The assortment comprises—plain and enamelled Bracelets, Chatelains, Guard Chains, Fob Chains, Broaches, Rings, Ear Rings, Cuff Pins, Hair Pins, Studs, Shawl Pins, Scarf Pins, etc., etc., etc., etc.

Thirty-One.

"The years of a man's life are three score and ten."

Oh, weary heart ! thou'rt half-way home !
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Look onward with a placid brow—

Hope promised but to bring us here,
And Reason takes the guidance now—
One backward look—the last—the last!
One silent tear—for *Youth is past!*

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hush'd—Hope's roses gone!
To Pleasure and her giddy troop
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way, and spirits droop,
To think that Love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when Youth is flown—
Midway to death left sad and lone!

Yet stay!—as 'twere a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a brightning light from far,
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now—bless God!—its golden line
Comes o'er—and lights my shadowy way—
And shows the dear hand clasped in mine!
But, list what those sweet voices say!

The better land's in sight,
And, by its chastening light,
All love from life's midway is driven,
Saves hers whose clasped hand will bring thee on to
heaven!

N. P. WILLIS.

JET JEWELRY.

Jet is a very beautiful and fashionable material. To some ladies, indeed to many, it is more becoming than any other ornamental substance. It is, at present, much worn and admired.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON invite the attention of their friends to a fine and valuable assortment of Jet Jewelry, superior, in fact, to any other in the city.

Their stock in Jet comprises:—Bracelets, Chate-lains, Guard Chains, Fob Chains, Broaches, Ear Rings, Hair Pins, Shawl Pins, and any other article made of this material.

Visitors and Strangers are invited to examine these singularly elegant and *recherche* articles.

Maidenhood.

MAIDENHOOD, O snowy chastity !
O thou, etherial gem, angelic boon !
Whatever lustful men may say to soil,
Unfit thy purity to feel and praise ;
There is in thee a mild yet awful sway,
A heav'nly pow'r, a dignity supreme ;
In thee, there is a spirit and a spell,
A winning charm of seraph-gentleness :

Thou art the fairest, loveliest child of grace!—
Tired in a royal, splendid robe of light,
The richest diadem on earth is thine!
Meek and serene, though stately in thy step,
So candid, smiling, graceful, yet so grave,
So fixed in duty, resolute and strong,
O'er hearts and minds thy sway is still divine!
Heav'n-born, in heav'n with comeliness to reign,
Eternal like the holy Three in One,
E'en now, how great thy privilege on earth;
Thy sway o'er hearts, how awful, lovely, meek;
Thyself, how praised, though yet unpraised as meet;
Unpraised, unworshipped, followed but by few!

ABBE ROUQUETTE.

F A N S.

C. & H. have the largest collection of useful and dress fans to be found in the United States, comprising all styles of French and Chinese paper, kid, feather and silk; with pearl, ivory, shell and sandal wood sticks, with and without marabout, at every price.

Mourning and half mourning Fans, Bridal Fans, Fans with Mirrors, Fans with Tablets, Misses' Fans, India and Chinese Fans.

On Music.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !
Wakening thoughts that long have slept ;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours ;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell ;
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they ;

Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

THOMAS MOORE.

PARIS HEAD DRESSES.

THE attention of the ladies is particularly invited to a most beautiful and fresh assortment of Parisian Head Dresses, imported directly from the makers by every steamer. Nothing can be imagined more elegant, convenient and becoming, than these peculiar and celebrated articles; combining, as they do, the advantages of lightness and richness, beyond any other article of female attire. All patterns and colors kept constantly on hand.

Ladies need only to see the Paris Head Dress to admire it.

America.

AMERICA, thy stars are glory-bright !
Those stars I watch intent, and I rejoice !
With sight intuitive, prophetic voice,
Thy fate I now foresee, I dare foretell :
On earth, thy destiny is to excell ;

To sway in Science, Arts, Religion,—all !
Thou risest now in youth, while others fall !
While vainly struggles now each sinking realm,
Of time's great vessel fraught thou hold'st the helm ;
Upon thy Giant States, with awe and praise,
Through Ocean's vast extent, all Nations gaze ;
They gaze with admiration, but with dread :
For now they feel o'er them a shroud is spread !—
Sole heir, thy name they speak in agony ;
They stretch their sceptred hands, to grasp at thee !
They feel thy crushing pow'r :—an instinct sure,
An inward voice reveals thy fate obscure.

ABBE ROUQUETTE.

SHELL COMBS.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON offer for the inspection of their friends and the public an uncommonly rich assortment of Tortoise shell, Buffalo and Ivory Dressing (or rack) Combs, Tortoise shell and Buffalo and Twist and Side Combs, French and American Tortoise shell and Buffalo Pocket Combs, Tortoise shell and Buffalo, Bandean, and Parting Combs, Tortoise shell, Buffalo and Ivory fine Combs.

Shell Dress Combs, richly carved, received by every Steamer. Particular attention called to them.

On a Mother and Child sleeping.

NIGHT, gaze, but send no sound !

Fond heart, thy fondness keep !

Nurse Silence, wrap them round !

Breathe low ; they sleep, they sleep !

No wind ! no murmuring showers !

No music, soft and deep !

No thoughts, nor dreams of flowers !

All hence ; they sleep, they sleep !

Time's step is all unheard :

Heaven's stars bright silence keep :.

No breath, no sigh, no word !

All's still ; they sleep, they sleep !

O Life ! O Night ! O Time !

Thus ever round them creep !

From pain, from hate, from crime.

E'er guard them, gentle Sleep !

BARRY CORNWALL.

SILVER AND SILVER-GILT GOODS.

AMONG other admired articles in this department will be found a handsome and extensive selection of Silver and Silver-gilt sets for children ; comprising either Knife and Fork, Spoon and Fork, or Knife, Spoon, and Fork, enclosed in elegant morocco cases.

Also, a great variety of Goblets, both engraved and plain. Silver Cups, etc., etc., etc.

Initials and mottoes will be engraved on these articles in a style of singular elegance, without extra charge.

Home—(a duet.)

He. Dost thou love wandering ? Whither wouldest thou go ?

Dreamst thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair ?

Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow ?

These spicy forests ? and this golden air ?

She. O, yes, I love the woods and streams, so gay :

And more than all, O father, I love thee ;

Yet would I fain be wandering far away,

Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter, of the sunbright locks!

To what pale banished region wouldest thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!

Let's seek that country of all countries—Home!

He. Seest thou these orange flowers? this palm that rears

Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;
My heart is wandering round our ancient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were forced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, now—for Home!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SILVER AND SILVER GILT.

BESIDES the articles mentioned on the foregoing page, CARROLL & HUTCHINSON invite attention to the following:—

Elegant Card Cases, both in silver and silver-gilt. Porte monais in great variety. Cigar Cases of the most recent patterns, Cigar-light boxes, Snuff Boxes, Tooth-pick cases, Bouquet Holders, Billheads, Dog Whistles, Card Baskets, Silver Bits for Children, Pocket Knives, Fruit Knives, Jewel Caskets, Jewel Trays, Vinergrets. A vast variety of similar articles for presents.

My Lover.

He was to me what none had ever been—
A refuge—benediction—Deity,
To which I knelt and was absolved from sin :—
He was to me what none can ever be—
A star whose light illumines eternity ;
And thus were we, like two celestial rays
Met on the borders of mortality,
A moment, panting, each on each to gaze,
Ere they commingling blend in one eternal blaze.

I knew no light, but the ethereal light
That emanated from his soul-lit eyes—
They were my sun by day—my stars by night—
The moon to which my heart's full tide did rise—
I knew no music but the harmonies
Of his low voice—no bliss-filled nectary
But his high heart—no perfume but his sighs—
I knew no world, but the unfathomed sea
Of his pure love—no heaven but its eternity.

ESTELLE ANNE LEWIS.

PLATED WARE.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON import from the European manufacturers all the fancy pieces of Plated Ware suitable for presents.

Among many others will be found, Butter Bowls, Sugar Stands, Flower Stands, Jewel Boxes, Ring Trays, etc.

They also keep on hand a variety of plated Card Baskets, Cake Baskets, Castors, and every other article in this material.

CLOCKS AND MANTEL ORNAMENTS.

THE Clocks sold at this establishment are warranted to be entirely free from the *usual* objection made against Ornamental Clocks, namely—that they are of no use *except* as ornaments. The prejudice which exists against fancy French Clocks has arisen from the large number of imitations, and inferior, though showy articles, which have been sold in this market as genuine. The truth is, that the best Paris Clocks are the best clocks in the world ; and because they are the best, they are universally preferred in Europe to all others.

All Clocks sold by CARROLL & HUTCHINSON are warranted to answer the double purpose of ornament and use : and of such Clocks, a large variety may always be found at 547 BROADWAY. Also, Bronze, Ormolu, and Gilt Candelabras, Candlesticks, Coups, Vases, Groups, Figures, etc., etc.

From this hour the Pledge is given.

FROM this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine :
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn ;
And if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn ?
No ;—whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now a friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory decked thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fallen and clouded now,
Thoul't again break forth, all beaming—
None so bright, so blest as thou !

THOMAS MOORE.

To a Mountain at the head of the Nile.

BATHED in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.

Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead—
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns, where Day is a stranger.
Garners where storeth his treasures the Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail.

Sovereign mountain ! thy brothers give welcome—
They, the baptized and the crowned of ages,
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth —
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession ; superb Orizava,
Belted with beech and ensandal'd with palm ;
Chimborazo, the lord of the regions of noonday,
Mingle their sounds, in magnificent chorus,
With greeting august from the pillars of Heaven,
Who in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

Lo ! unto each is the seal of his lordship,
Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth :
Each in his awful supremacy forces
Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.
Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
None has a claim to the honors of story,
Or the superior splendors of song,
Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—
Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Inlaid, Ebony, and Rosewood Goods.

THE assortment of goods in this department, offered by Carroll & Hutchinson, is unusually large and elegant. No articles can possibly be more suitable for holiday and birthday presents than these :—

LADIES' GENTLEMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Desks, Papeteries, and Portable Writing-Cases,
of every size, style, quality and price.

PORTABLE DESKS WITH DRESSING CASES ATTACHED.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS' AND INFANTS'
Dressing and Toilet Cases,
in every conceivable form and arrangement—of wood,
leather and papier mache.

LADIES' WORK BOXES,
of velvet, tortoise shell, papier mache, and inlaid
woods, furnished with implements of steel, galvanized
steel, damask steel, silver, silver gilt, etc .

The Mistletoe.

WHEN winter nights grow long,
 And winds without blow cold,
 We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire,
 And listen to stories old !
 And we try to look grave (as maids should be),
 When the men bring in boughs of the laurel-tree.
Oh, the Laurel, the evergreen tree !
The poets have laurels—and why not we ?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
 And hides the wintry sun,
 To see them come in to the blazing fire,
 And know that their work is done ;
 While many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
 Green branches of holly for Christmas time !
Oh, the Holly, the bright green Holly,
It tells, like a tongue, that the times are jolly !

Sometimes in *our* gravehouse,
 Observe, this happeneth not ;
 But, at times, the evergreen laurel boughs
 And the holly are all forgot !
 And then ! what then ? why, the men laugh low,
 And hang up a branch of—the Mistletoe !

*Oh, brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know
What is done—under the Mistletoe!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

Inlaid Ebony and Rosewood Goods.

In addition to the foregoing, CARROLL & HUTCHINSON's stock will be found to contain :—

Ladies' Work Cases, and Ladies' Companions,
of the same variety of materials and fittings—at from
\$1 to \$50.

LADIES' RETICULES,
of leather, forming a very handsome and complete
work basket.

Work Boxes, empty and with trays.
Work Cases, in nut and pearl shells.
Fancy Boxes for Odeurs, with 2 to 12 bottles, some
very elegant.

Fancy Boxes for gloves, handkerchiefs, jewels, &c.
Fancy Boxes for segars, tea, tobacco, pins, whist,
&c.

Liqueur Cases,
with colored glass, and very richly gilt.

A Health.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have
given

A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than
heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning
birds,

And something more than melody dwells ever in her
words ;

The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips
each flows

As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the
rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her
hours ;

Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of
young flowers ;

And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she
appears

The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past
years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on
the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long
remain ;
But memory such as mine of her so very much en-
dears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's
but hers.

EDWARD COATES PINKNEY.

French, Dresden, and Indian Porcelain.

THE largest variety of Fancy Porcelain to be found
in the city, comprising :—

VASES OF ALL SIZES,

*Flower Stands, Alumette Stands, Toilet Bottles,
Match Cups, Candlesticks, Tea Caddies, Figures, &c.*

Single Cups and Saucers of Dresden Ware, rich
fancy pieces of Dresden.

**All the new articles in Porcelain, Imported as
soon as produced in Europe.**

Young Grimes.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
But he has left a son who bears
The name that old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of latest cut,
His hat is new and gay;
He cannot bear to view distress,
So turns from it away.

His pants are gaiters, fitting snug
O'er patent-leather shoes:
His hair is by a barber curled;
He smokes cigars and chews.

A chain of massive gold is borne
Above his flashy vest;
His clothes are better every day
Than were old Grimes's best.

He's six feet tall, no post more straight,
His teeth are pearly white;
In habits he is sometimes loose,
And sometimes very tight.

His manners are of sweetest grace,
His voice of softest tone ;
His diamond pin's the very one
That old Grimes used to own.

He sports the fastest "crab" in town,
Is always quick to bet ;
He never knows who's President,
But thinks "Old Tip's" in yet.

He has drunk wines of every kind,
And liquors cold and hot ;
Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort
Of man Old Grimes was not.

SHILLABER.

PARIAN MARBLE,

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON are the largest importers of Parian in the city, and their stock is well worth inspection to connoisseurs in Statuettes and other exquisite articles of this unsurpassedly beautiful material. Among other specimens in this department will be found —

BUSTS OF SHAKSPEARE,
BYRON, BURNS, MILTON, WASHINGTON, WELLINGTON,
NAPOLEON, JENNY LIND,

and a vast number of other distinguished persons, both living and dead, ancient and modern.

Great attention is paid to this department, and new articles are constantly received.

A Birth-day Lyric.

LEAD me 'mong blossoms white
In the early amber light,
Away from teasing care,
And let the charmed air,
With luscious tone,
Soothe me with strains unknown.

Oh ! heap the blossoms sweet
About my face and feet,
Till half the blushing sky,
And the nook wherein I lie,
Are curtained most deliciously.
With odors deluge me,
With rose-light and low melody ;
For I would dream, until earth seems
What once it promised in my dreams.

Oh, radiant land ! where my young eyes
Saw angels in the rainbow skies,
And felt Love's arms in all the air,
And heard Hope singing everywhere—
Sweet land of boyhood ! Rose unblown !
Delicious heart-enfolded zone !
How soon—too soon !
The burning Noon

Drank all thy dew from bud and leaf,
And seared the bowers of Young Belief:—

The drifting sands before me spread
With murky redness overhead ;
I faint with fighting wrong and sin ;
To-day, oh, let me enter in
The gardens, beautiful of yore,
And live again my May-life o'er.
I may come forth more firm and strong
To deal with error, blame, and wrong ;
Upon my heart fresh dew shall lie,
And heaven seem nearer to mine eye.

PARIAN MARBLE.

BESIDES the articles in Parian Marble, enumerated on a preceding page, CARROLL & HUTCHINSON import a number of pieces of more artistic and elaborate design.

They have at present, copies of the Amazon, by Krist : Powers' Greek Slave : Powers' Fisher Boy : Dorothea and Clorinde : Sea Nymphs : Dancing Girl : Psyche : Pandora : Prometheus bound : The Madonna : Chained Cupid : Virgin at the Annunciation : Canova's Guardian Angel, Innocence, and a vast number of other most admired and superb pieces of the first artists, both ancient and modern, native and European.

The Beautiful.

WALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou can't make it smile beside thy door:
Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it ; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely ;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only :
Then love the Beautiful.

Sigh for it!—clasp it when 'tis in thy way!
Be its idolator, as of a maiden!
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they;
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the Beautiful.

BURRINGTON.

PARIAN MARBLE.

In addition to the foregoing, CARROLL & HUTCHIN-
SON would offer an assortment of
**PARIAN VASES; CARD RECEIVERS; FLOWER STANDS; TRAYS OF
VARIOUS KINDS, AND A LARGE NUMBER OF FANCY
PIECES MOST SUITABLE FOR MANTEL
ORNAMENTS, TABLE ORNA-
MENTS, etc.,**

all of which will be found to be of the
MOST NOVEL AND TASTEFUL PATTERNS.

Persons about furnishing their houses, or desirous
of adding to the attractiveness of their homes are
earnestly invited to examine CARROLL AND HUTCHIN-
SON's stock of Parians.

To *Lucilla.*

AFTER so long a thraldom to be free,
Is happiness supreme. Once I supposed
My heart could never beat except for thee;
Thou wert my heart's true queen, but now deposed,
By thy rebellious subject, who at last
Brooks not the Tyrant, Go, thy reign is past.

Enfranchised now, no more my steps shall stray
To thy abode. We part at length forever.
I ne'er will let thy siren voice essay
To lure me back again—no, never, never

Will I behold thee, lest thy face should move
My lips to flatter, and my soul to love.

I grieve for mine own weakness—I repine
At moments lost in gazing on thy face.
I have regained my heart, that long was thine,
By one strong, manly effort, and no trace
Of all my fond affection shall be seen.
I will not be the slave that I have been.

We part. Farewell!—I never can forget
What it were better could oblivion shroud,
But will not pause to tell one sad regret,
I'll breathe a sigh, then onward with the crowd—
Is that a tear? My struggles are in vain—
See, Love, I'm kneeling at thy feet again.

DELTA.

Bigent Figures and Ornaments.

IN Ornamental Bigent, a beautiful and fashionable material, CARROLL & HUTCHINSON have a very superior selection.

Their stock comprises a large assortment of **Ring Trays, Splendid Baskets, and an unusually large number of highly-ornamented Boxes,** many of which are of EXQUISITE DESIGN and FAULTLESS WORKMANSHIP.

Persons of taste are invited to examine these beautiful articles.

"Blowing out the Moon."

*Addressed to a little boy, who, seeing the full moon,
sought to blow it out like a lamp.*

THINK'ST thou the feeble breath can quench the ray
From that sweet lamp of night,
Because, with sportive ease, it puffs away
Our little household light?

Ere our first father's birth, that glorious star
With radiant beauty shone,
And its effulgent beams will spread afar,
When our whole race has gone.

Blow out the Moon! Presumptuous little child:
Yet why should I complain?
Thy elders toil at projects quite as wild,
With hopes that are as vain.

In the broad heaven around the heart of man,
Some blessing beams on high;
Yet each one strives, with a mistaken plan,
To sweep it from the sky.

My little son! as shines that light above
In peace and purity,
So calm and constant is the watchful love
Thy father gives to thee.

If, in thy life, gay visions shall appear
Of love, and wealth and fame,
To lure thee from the steady light of truth,
May it, like that bright orb, forgive thy youth
And smile on thee the same.

CHAS. J. SPRAGUE.

VASES.

It is well known that the New York market is flooded with inferior styles of vases, of American manufacture. CARROLL & HUTCHINSON have taken special pains to keep their stock free from these spurious and worthless imitations of genuine and original patterns.

Their vases are all imported by them directly from the most

RELIABLE AND CELEBRATED EUROPEAN MAKERS,
and they assure their customers that the vases sold by them will be found **UNSURPASSED** in

Elegance, Novelty, and Durability.

By recent improvements in the art, the gilt upon vases is prevented from wearing off; and all sold by CARROLL & HUTCHINSON are warranted to wear as long as the porcelain itself lasts. At the same time, the prices of the improved article will compare favorably with those commonly obtained for the worthless imitations.

Loved and Lost.

I lov'd her—and I dar'd confess
My love unto her list'ning ear,
And pictured embryo scenes of bliss,
At which the maiden blushed to hear,
While passion thrill'd my frame, I plead
My tender tale, nor plead in vain ;
But led away the trembling maid,
A votary to Hymen's shrine.

I've seen her smiles in halls of joy;
I've seen her sad in sorrow's grove;
But every day which glided by
Increased the richness of my love.
And while she cheer'd the passing hour,
Unbarring all the gates of pleasure:
I envied neither kings their power,
Nor wealthy fools their senseless treasure.

* * * *

I watch'd her on the bed of death,
Convuls'd with pain—when Hope was gone ;
I felt her scorching, parting breath,
And listened to her dying groan.

With trembling steps I led the band
 Of solemn mourners, wrapped in gloom ;
And saw her lovely form consigned
 To the dark recess of a tomb.

And oft when memory bids me trace
 The sombre visions of the past,
I seek the silent resting-place
 Of her, who cheer'd life's gloomy waste ;
And supplicate the Power Supreme,
 For her, whose fondness I have proved—
Or else, deceived by fancy's dream,
 Hold converse with the Saint I loved.

ARTICLES IN BRONZE.

All the newest and most admired articles in Bronze, both real and imitation, can be found at the establishment of **CARROLL & HUTCHINSON.**

Their stock comprises a large assortment of **Figures, Candelabras, Clocks, Ink Stands,** and a vast variety of extremely elegant **FANCY PIECES.**

ALSO,

Watch Stands, Candlesticks, Taper Stands, Card Receivers, Rules, Cologne Stands, Ring Trays,

and every other article in this department.

We may roam through this World.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a
feast,

Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,

We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,

Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,

For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,

Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,

Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call ;
But so often this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.

Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briary fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwell ;
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

THOMAS MOORE.

ARTICLES AND WORK-BOXES.

THESE articles, indispensable to every lady of elegant taste and industrious habits, are offered in great variety. Some new and extremely beautiful patterns have been recently introduced, to which the attention of ladies is respectfully invited. Also,

Sewing Birds,

very handsome and handy, in great variety.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON, have as large and elegant an assortment of WORK-BOXES as can be found in Broadway. They offer them in all materials, and of every conceivable form and pattern. No present is more suitable from a parent to a daughter than a

COMPLETE AND HANDSOME WORK-BOX.

Andre's Last Moments.

The captive from his prison his guards in silence bore,
And he walked upon the scaffold as on his native
shore.

He looked towards his own green isle, and saw his
mother's form,

And heard her sobs far o'er the sea, and felt her tear-
drops warm,

The gibbet! ah! the gibbet! should the dangling
noose be flung

Around that neck where sisters fond with dear ca-
resses hung!

Should shame upon that lofty brow her stamp of tor-
ture place,

Where affection's kiss had lingered, and honor left its
trace?

But morning breezes lifted up his curls of flowing
hair,

He gazed upon the calm blue sky, for God was smil-
ing there;

And a glory lit his forehead, and brightly beamed his
eye,

Let cowards wince at pangs of death, but brave men
bravely die!

When the hangman stood by the prisoner's side, all
hearts were dumb and still,

And sad bells rung in every breast when the hang-
man worked his will.

Then full upon the dead man's face the mocking sun-
beams shone,

And a funeral gun the signal fired that the deed of
death was done.

THOMAS B. BRADLEY.

Portfolios, &c.

PORTFOLIOS of paper mache, beautifully painted,
and inlaid with pearl ; velvet, embossed, illuminated,
and with rich paintings and ornaments.

LEATHER PORTFOLIOS, of all sizes, qualities and
prices, from 50 cts. upwards.

NE PLUS ULTRAS, (Writing Cases for travelling), of
real Russia, Turkey Morocco and sheep.

ROLL UP WRITING CASES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Leather DRESSING CASES,
compact for travelling—a large assortment, beginning
at quite a low price.

PIC-NIC CASES, containing knife, fork, spoon, drink-
ing cup, cork screw, &c., &c., all in a size suitable for
the pocket.

POCKET Books, London, Paris and New York make.

Our Youngest.

We knelt at evening by his couch,
Our hearts brimful of joy;
And thanked our Father for the gift
Of this, our darling boy.

We gazed upon his snowy brow—
His lids closed o'er his eyes—
And thought, “How beautifully here
Our sleeping Eddy lies.”

His red lips parted; two small teeth
Shone out like little pearls,
And on the pillow fell a shower
Of bright and shining curls.

He was our youngest, best beloved,
And we a happy pair;
We gently pressed his dimpled hands
And gently kissed his hair.

So night came down, and with the morn—
The Sabbath morn of love—
We sought him, but our Father, God,
Had called the boy above.

Oh ! never more his soft blue eyes
 Will meet the gaze of ours,
 Oh ! never more his red lips breathe
 The fragrance of the flowers.

Oh ! never more his tiny clasp
 Around our necks be drawn,
 Nor music of his angel voice
 Awake us at the dawn.

We knelt beside an empty couch,
 That holiest morn of seven !
 The sun had arisen on earth once more,
 Our son had arisen in heaven !

CARD CASES, PURSES, etc.

CARD CASES, SOUVENIRS, WALLETS, TABLETS, BALL
 MEMORANDUMS, &c.,—of silver gilt, silver enamelled,
 damask silver, filagree silver, shell inlaid with gold
 and stones, ivory, pearl, sandal wood, velvet, papier
 mache and leather ; commencing at a low price, and
 forming so complete an assortment, that *none can fail
 of being suited.*

P U R S E S ,
 of all the new styles, fancy and plain—some beauti-
 fully wrought.

The articles in this department are altogether too
 numerous for mention ; and purchasers are assured
 they will be found on examination to be of the most
 superior make and finish.

NOVELTIES RECEIVED BY EVERY STEAMER. •

To-day I'm Twenty.

FAREWELL, my teens ! a lingering farewell
To years whose hours have been my gayest ones,
For hats and dickeys have destroyed the spell
Of marbles, tops, bats, hoops and goose-quill guns ;
And I have lost, (it grieves me this to tell,)
The love for candy and regard for buns
That thrilled me once when joys were far more
plenty ;
Farewell, my teens, farewell ! to-day I'm twenty.

And memory goes back, on pinions wild,
To days when I was but an infant dwarf ;
When ancient ladies wondered as they smiled,
If I had safely cleared the whooping cough ?
They'd rarely seen as promising a child,
And hoped the measles wouldn't take him off ;
They knew I'd cut my teeth, because I bit 'em,
They wished me joys ; alas ! I didn't get 'em.

And one old lady (heaven bless her) found
In me a perfect copy of my mother—
I think the resemblance vague ; my head was round—
I'd nose, ears, mouth, like her, and many another ;

But all agreed my caput did abound
With genius that no earthly power could smother ;
Those high-flown hopes and prophesies, alas !
Like Parson Miller's, never came to pass.

My muse e'en now grows dreadfully pathetic,
To think how Sherman's lozenges and Brandreth's
pills,
And catnip tea, with ipecac emetic,
And jalap 'gorick, castor oil and squills,
Were used to make me healthy and athletic,
And stay the progress of my youthful ills ;
It seems a pity so much care and toil
Should have been spent on such unfruitful soil.

PEREGRINE.

PAPER MACHE.

In this admired and favorite material, a large number of exquisite articles are offered for the consideration of persons of taste, and elegant habits ; such as :

Desks, Papeteries, Dressing Boxes, Work Boxes, Ladies' Companions, Work Cases, Work Stands, Work Tablets, Cabinets, Tea Caddies, Ink Stands, Card Boxes, Screens, Card Cases, Card Receivers, &c.

Indeed, this beautiful substance is now applied to such a multitude of purposes that space woul fail if an attempt were made to enumerate them. Call and examine.

Youth and Age.

I OFTEN think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart, as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine !
And each has had its dream of joy,
Its own unequalled, pure romance ;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth
Than any tale before or since.
Yes ! -they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days,
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear ;
Of kisses on a blushing cheek ;
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak.
Of passions too untimely crossed ;
Of passions slighted or betrayed ;
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade ;

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
Of forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now !
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing ?
And must youth's brightest visions move
For ever on time's restless wing ?

Chinese and East Indian Goods.

AMONG the Articles of Oriental Manufacture, C. & H. beg to name the following :—

CARD BOXES, Desks, Work Boxes, Segar Boxes, Backgammon Boards, Empty Boxes, Chess Boards, Upright Screens, &c., &c.

CAVED IVORY Chessmen, Drafts, Counters, Letter Stamps, Folders, Card Cases, Puzzles, Segar Cases, Alumette Stands, Baskets, Fans, Winders, &c.

SILVER FILLAGREE Card Cases, Card Receivers, Boxes and Ornaments.

Painted Fans, Hand Screens, India Ink and Paint Boxes.

Is it Rapture—Is it Woe?

HEART, my heart, why throbb'st thou so ?
Is it rapture—is it woe ?—
'Tis, at once, both woe and bliss ;
Ah ! so sad a joy as this,—
Ah ! so exquisite a woe
Not for worlds would I forego !
Beat, oh beat, my throbbing breast !
Sweet, oh sweet, is love's unrest !

Heart, my heart, why throbb'st thou so ?
Is it rapture—is it woe ?—
Every pleasure earth contains
Is conjoin'd to bitter pains.
Lover's bliss is bitterness—
Lover's woe is blessedness.
Beat, oh beat, my throbbing breast !
Sweet, oh sweet, is love's unrest !

Heart, my heart, why throbb'st thou so ?
Is it rapture—is it woe ?—
Bliss of love hath me bereft ;
Pang of love alone is left ;
Yet, in woe, the heart loves on ;

Sweet the joy of pleasure gone !
Beat, oh beat, my throbbing breast !
Sweet, oh sweet, is love's unrest !

FROM THE GERMAN.

CUTLERY.

Scissors of all patterns and degrees of finish, of guaranteed good quality *only*.

Scissors with names. Nail Scissors. Scissors in sets.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES,
of every style.

RAZORS.

From Rodgers, Wostenholm, Elliott, Crookes, and other celebrated makers.

Chinese Razors.

Razors in pairs, and in sets of 3 to 7, in neat cases.

CARROLL and HUTCHINSON'S assortment of Fancy and Useful Cutlery is well worthy the particular attention of buyers.

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.

UMBRELLAS, from 22 to 34 inches, of the best possible quality of silk, manufacture and style, with plain to richest mountings.

Sun Umbrellas, ladies' and gentlemen's.

Cane Umbrellas, for traveling ; more simple, compact and convenient, than any before offered. Also, various other styles of Traveling Umbrellas.

PARASOLS, of every shade and style of silk, fringed and plain, with rich gold, silver, silver gilt, enamel, horn, shell and ivory mountings.

Many of the Parasols, Sun Shades and Umbrellas made and sold in this city are called "FRENCH." C. & H. desire to say, that theirs are made IN PARIS, and are guaranteed to be not only more tasteful in style, but more nicely finished, and *better* in many essential points than any made in this country.

A Thought on a Ribulet.

Look at this brook, so blithe, so free !

Thus hath it been, fair boy, for ever—

A shining, dancing, bab'ling river ;
And thus 'twill ever be.

'Twill run, from mountain to the main,

With just the same sweet bab'ling voice
That now sings out, " Rejoice—rejoice!"
Perhaps 'twill be a chain
That will a thousand years remain—
Ay, through all times and changes last,
And link the present to the past.
Perhaps upon this self-same spot,
Hereafter may a merry knot
(My children's children !) meet and play,
And think on *me*, some summer day ;
And smile (perhaps through youth's brief tears,
While thinking back through wastes of years,)
And softly say—
" 'Twas here the old man used to stray,
And gaze upon the sky ; and dream
(Long, long ago !) by this same stream.
He's in his grave ! Ungentle Time
Hath dealt but harshly with his rhyme :
But *We* will ne'er forget, that he
Taught us to love this river free."

BARRY CORNWALL.

RIDING WHIPS & WALKING CANES.

CARROLL and HUTCHINSON have always on hand ladies' and gentlemen's Riding Whips. The most elegant variety ever seen in New-York.

Walking Canes, from low priced to the richest and most costly description.

Novelties in French Cane mountings.

A choice collection of Malaccas and other Sticks.

Canes mounted to order in any style.

The newest styles in India-rubber Canes are particularly worthy the examination of gentlemen of taste. They are mounted in gold, silver, ivory, horn, etc., etc.

The Spell.

Thy presence dwells around, above, below,
On all things lovely and most beautiful,
I hear thy voice in every fountain's flow—
Behold thy smile on every flower I pull,
Along the hills, and vales, and gliding streams ;—
I see thine eyes' soft hues in the blue heaven —
Thy brow's bright radiance in the iris' beams —

Thy mind in the calm pensiveness of even.
The tuneful birds, the rills, the rustling trees—
The beings of the air—the stars—the moon—
All sounds, and tones, and stirring melodies—
And aught with which my spirit doth commune
In heaven, or earth, or space, or thought, to me
Hold eloquent discourse, adoréd one, of thee.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

PLAIN STATIONERY.

PARTICULAR attention is paid to the department of Stationery, of which a very large and entirely complete assortment is always on hand. This is an important branch of their business; and the public are assured, that Carroll and Hutchinson can furnish all articles in this department, at as advantageous rates as any concern in New-York. Those who desire to purchase large quantities of Paper and Envelopes for wedding, ball, or party invitations, can procure them at their Store at ASTONISHING LOW RATES.

Plain Paper, of the finest quality and highest finish, from the smallest note size to the largest letter size, with Envelopes to match, of the long, medium and square shapes.

English Cream, Damask, and Alhambra laid ; the finest paper made.

Italy.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth ;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair :
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud ;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful !—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art too shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls ;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire :
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame—
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved !—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

Fancy Stationery, Envelopes, &c.

MOURNING PAPER, Envelopes, and Cards.

French Fancy Note Papers of all sizes, with silver, gold, colored, embossed and painted flowers and vignettes; for wedding invitations, public and private balls, parties, etc., etc.

Fancy Envelopes to suit the above.

Sealing Wax, spangled, marbled, fancy colored, red, white and black.

W A F E R S.

Cameo, initial, transparent, white transparent, days of the week, and mourning.

Gold and Silver Sand, Quills, Steel Pens, Pen Holders, Seals, Folders, Pencils, Penknives, Ink-stands, Ink Trays, Sand Boxes, Taper Stands, Wax Tapers, Ivory and Ebony Rulers, Pen Makers, Pen and Pencil Case united, Knife and Pencil Case united, extra Gold Pens.

SETS of WRITING IMPLEMENTS,

Of silver, agate, cornelian, silver gilt, enamel, ivory, pearl, tortoise shell inlaid with gold.

Plain and Fancy Visiting Cards, English, French and American.

Playing Cards, English, French and American.

The Mother to her Child.

THEY tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom ! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steep'd in the blue of its remember'd home ;
And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see
Upon thy baby lips that smile of heaven !

And what is thy far errand, my fair child ?
Why away, wandering from a home of bliss,
To find thy way through darkness home again ?
Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky ?
Is there, betwixt the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou mayst be,
A life's probation in this sadder world ?
Art thou with memory of two things only,
Music and light, left upon earth astray,
And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven,
Look'd for with fear and trembling !

God ! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me

To bring her to the gates of heaven alone !
I feel my feebleness. Let *these* stay on—
The angels who now visit her in dreams !
Bid them be near her pillow till in death
The closed eyes look upon Thy face once more !
And let the light and music, which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her steps unto Thee !

N. P. WILLIS.

STAMPING & ENGRAVING.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON have a complete Apparatus for stamping initials on paper, which they do WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE for all purchasers.

Cards and Invitations engraved with particular care, and printed in gold, colors, or in relief, at the usual prices.

In this branch of their business, they confidently defy competition. It would be very easy for them to cover this page with a brilliant array of the names most known in the highest circles of New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston and Baltimore, which they have had the honor of engraving. But this course, though not uncommonly pursued, would be extremely indelicate and improper. Carroll & Hutchinson prefer to rely on their own merit and upon the recommendations of those whom they are fortunate enough to please.

Never Again.

NEVER in earth or heaven canst thou be loved
As I have loved thee—never—never more
By love so holy can thy soul be moved,
Upon terrestrial or celestial shore.
On thee alone my faithful spirit dwelt,
To thee alone my restless fancy soared,
For thee alone before my God I knelt,
And the libations of my full heart poured.
Thy smiles, thy words, each feature of thy face,
Thy step, as thou didst from me last depart—
Thy mournful gait—thy form's majestic grace,
Were caught and treasured in my doating heart,
And there have lived through every varying mood,
The soul and solace of my sainted solitude.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

I wish I was by that dim Lake.

I WISH I was by that dim Lake,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be ;

Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.
The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round ;
The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet e'en when dead !
These, aye, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward toward the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quenched, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

THOMAS MOORE.

PEFUMERY AND THE TOILET.

It is well known to persons in the Trade, that *almost all* the Perfumery in common use in this country, is made of ordinary olive, lard, or castor oil; slightly scented with inferior perfumes, which soon lose their strength. This being the case, CARROLL & HUTCHINSON consider it no more than just to themselves to say, that all the perfumery, soaps, oils, essences, cologne, etc., sold by them, are, to the best of their knowledge and belief,

Genuine.

They import nearly every article in this department from the

ORIGINAL MAKERS,

whose labels and signature they bear. At the same time, they are enabled to sell the genuine articles at rates not greatly above those which are daily obtained for the spurious trash with which the market is flooded.

SHE Sung of Love.

SHE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed, with their soft fire,
The soul within that trembling shell.

The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And played around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burned,
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew ;
And, when to gaze again I turned,
The minstrel's form seemed fading too.
As if *her* light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame ;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part ?
Filled with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart—
And cried, “ Oh Love ! is this thy doom ?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day !
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away ? ”

THOMAS MOORE.

PERFUMERY AND THE TOILET.

THE following is a list of the toilet articles now offered :—

TOILET SOAPS.

Best old brown Windsor Soap, Bailey and Blew's Spermaceti and other fine Soaps, old English Soaps of various makers, Lubin's and Guerlain's Almond Soap, Piver's Omnibus Soap, Guerlain's Ambrosial Toilet Soap, Lubin's highly perfumed Soaps.

Shaving Soaps.

Guerlain's Ambrosial Cream, in *porcelain* pots, Ambrosial Shaving Cake, Lubin's *Pate d'Amandes*, Monpelas Rose and old Naples Soap, Patey's Transparent and Ambrosial Tablet, very old and superior, for those who prefer this form. Naval and Military Soap, and many other kinds.

FOR THE SKIN.—Poudre's, &c.

FOR THE HAIR.—Guerlain's Eau Lustrale, Philocome, Moelle de Boeuf and Graisse d'Ours, Macassar Oil, Bandoline, Antique Oils, Pomades in sticks and in Pots, Cream of Lilies, Balm of Colombia, Medulline Sosicome, ou Pomade Dupuytren, Fluide Germinal de Cooper, and other preparations for the hair that are known to have merit.

The Indian and his Bride.

THE world, or all they know of it,
Is theirs :—for them the stars are lit ;
For them the earth beneath is green,
 The heavens above are bright ;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
 And decorate the night ;
For them the branches of those trees
Wave music in the vernal breeze ;
For them upon that dancing spray
 The free bird sits and sings,
And glitt'ring insects flit about
 Upon delighted wings ;
For them that brook, the brakes among,
Murmurs its small and drowsy song ;
For them the many-colored clouds
 Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
 Th' expression of the sky.
For them, and by them, all is gay,
And fresh and beautiful as they :
The images their minds receive,
 Their minds assimilate,
To outward forms imparting thus
 The glory of their state.

Could aught be painted otherwise
Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes ?
He too, because she fills his sight,
 Each object falsely sees ;
The pleasure that he has in her,
 Makes all things seem to please.
And this is love ;—and it is life
They lead,—that Indian and his wife.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

Perfumery and the Toilet.

FOR THE TEETH.—Odontine and Elixir, made by Pelletier, the first chemist in the world, and probably the best preparation for the teeth and gums. Also, Patey's, Ede's and other tooth powders. Patey's Charcoal, &c., &c.

SUNDRIES.

Cold Cream, Lip Salve, Oneophane, (for the nails,) Pastilles, Rouge, Pearl Powder, Cachou de Bologne, (for the breath,) Preston Salts, Spirits of Vinegar, Aromatic Vinegar, Salts of Vinegar, Otto of Rose, Perfumed Sachets, Diamond Cement, Marking Ink, Salts of Lemon, Plate Powder, Powder Puffs, Toilet Powder.

GENUINE FARINA EAU DE COLOGNE.

Genuine English Lavender Water.

Fine Old Bay Water.

Bay Rum, etc., etc.

The First Ship to America.

THE groves were clad in their summer sheen,
The wood-nymphs danced upon the green,
And rill and stream with blithe emotion,
Went singing, leaping to the ocean.
The sinking sun on the deep sea gazed
Till his red eye with mist was dazed ;
The youthful moon her spy-glass raised
The strange, mysterious craft to view,
That o'er the Indian waters flew ;
The savage left his wigwam door,
And stood amazed upon the shore—
“What may it be ?” the red man cried,
“That flaps its white wings o'er the tide,
What may it be ! a huge canoe,
Sent by the great Chemanitou ?
Are those the souls of Indian races,
Returning with white lily faces ?—
They are ! they are !” and to the strand
He flew with a brother's outstretched hand—
But ah ! no brother's hand he pressed—
He clasped the serpent to his breast !

ESTELLE ANNIE LEWIS.

PERFUMES FOR THE HANKIECHIEF.

PATEY's Citronella Rosæ, Verbena, Hovenia, Eau de Portugal, Ritournella, Eglantine, Sweet Briar, Extract of Flowers, etc.

Bailey's and Blew's Essence Bouquet, Essence de Rose Moussue, Esprit double Victoria, Esprit d'Albert, Esprit Unis's, Esprit du Chateau, Esprit de Rose, Essence Marechale, etc.

LUBIN'S AND GUERLAIN'S EXTRACTS.

Rose,	Sweet Pea,
Jasmin,	Eau de Lubin,
Fleur d'Orange,	Parfum de Montpellier,
Citronella Rose,	Eglantine,
Rose Musk,	Daphnee,
Violette,	Caprice de la Mode,
Rose Geranium,	Bouq. de l'Imperatrice,
Œillet,	Aubepine,
Cassie,	Eau d'Adelaide,
Wall Flowers,	Bouquet de Victoria,
Verveine,	Frangipane,
Amarillys,	Orange de Portugal,
Ambroisie,	Cedrat,

(Continued on the following Page.)

LUBIN & GUERLAIN'S EXTRACTS,

(Continued.)

CHEVRE-FEUILLE,	Bergamotte,
Seringa,	Quatre Fleurs,
Muguet,	Fleurs d'Italie,
Vetivert,	Bouquet de Jockey Club,
Souverains,	Mille Fleurs,
Danaides,	Sauve,
Pres Fleuris,	Sultanes,
Marechale,	Bouquet de President,
Duchesse,	“ d'Esterhazy,
Mouselline,	“ de Windsor,
Miel d'Angleterre,	“ de Caroline,
Heliotrope,	“ Chantilly,
Miel Ambre,	“ de Fontainebleau,
Lilas,	“ Hawthorn,
Ambre,	Patchouly,
Chypre,	de Sweet Briar,
Musc,	New Mown Hay,
Vanille,	Bouq. de Sweet William,
Bouquet de l'Oregon,	“ de Pink.

The Time we Met.

It was the time of vernal bud and blossom,
When blushing Flora roved by wood and lea,
Breathing perfume from her ambrosial bosom,
Fresh palpitating from the Deity ;—
When pearly-footed brooklets down the vale,
Went leaping into ocean's calm embrace ;
And sweet-voiced fountains sang in every dale,
As glad to leave their ice-bound hiding place,
And bask in April's renovating noon ;
When from a thousand wind-harps music burst,
And my young heart with nature was in tune,
That I beheld thee, dear Adhémer, first,
And from Love's quiver sped the fatal dart
That held, and holds transfixed my bleeding heart.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BRUSHES, &c.

HAIR BRUSHES, English, French and American manufacture, different patterns, comprising every shape, quality and style—an assortment from which the most fastidious can be suited.

ALSO,

CLOTH, VELVET & HAT BRUSHES.

Infants' Hair Brushes, Bandeo Brushes.

Tooth and Nail Brushes, Bristle and Badger Shaving Brushes, extra hard and extra soft Tooth Brushes.

Nail Files, Nail Cutters, Book Hooks, Tongue Scrapers, Tweezers, Tooth Picks, Shoe Horns, Toilet Mirrors, Mouth Mirrors, Brush, Comb and Mirror united, for the pocket, Razors, Knives, Nail Scissors, Razor Strops, Cork Screws, &c., &c.

The Vain Regret.

Oh! had I nursed, when I was young,
The lessons of my father's tongue,
(The deep laborious thoughts he drew,
From all he saw and others knew,)]

I might have been—ah, me !
Thrice sager than I e'er shall be.
For what saith Time ?
Alas ! he only shows the truth
Of all that I was told in youth !

The thoughts now budding in my brain—
The wisdom I have bought with pain—
The knowledge of life's brevity—
Frail friendship—false philosophy—
And all that issues out of woe—
Methinks were taught me long ago !
Then what says Time ?
Alas ! he but brings back the truth
Of all I heard (and lost !) in youth !

Truths !—hardly learned, and lately brought
From many a far forgotten scene !
Had I but listened, as I ought,
To your voices, sage—serene,
Oh ! what might I not have been
In the realms of thought !

BARRY CORNWALL.

Fancies for Presents, etc.

LADIES' WORK CASES, and "LADIES' COMPANIONS," of the same variety of materials and fittings—at from \$1 to \$50.

LADIES' RETICULES,

of leather, forming a very handsome and complete work basket.

WORK CASES, in nut and pearl shells.

FANCY BOXES for Odeurs, with 2 to 12 bottles, some very elegant.

FANCY BOXES for gloves, handkerchiefs, jewels, &c.

FANCY BOXES for segars, tea, tobacco, pins, whist, &c.

Liqueur Cases,

with colored glass, and very richly gilt.

Chess Men, Dominoes, Battledoors, Graces, Dr. Busby, Mansion of Happiness, Backgammon Boards, Counters, Dice, Cups, Chess Boards, &c., &c.

The Exemplary Wife.

O BLEST is he whose arms enfold

A consort virtuous as fair!

Her price is far above the gold

That worldly spirits love to share.

On her, as on a beauteous isle,

Amid life's dark and stormy sea,

In all his trouble, all his toil,

He rests with deep security.

Even in the night-watch, dark and lone,
The distaff fills her busy hand ;
Her husband in the gates is known
Among the elders of the land ;
Her household all delight to share
The food and raiment she bestows—
Ever she with a parent's care
Regards their weakness and their woes.

Her pitying hand supplies the poor,
The widowed one, the orphan child,
Like birds assembled round her door,
When sweeps the winter tempest wild.
Her lips, with love and wisdom fraught,
Drop, like the honeycomb, their sweets ;
The young are by her dictates taught,
The mourner her condolence meets.

Her lovely babes around her rise—
Fair scions of a holy stem !
And deeply shall her bosom prize
The blessings she receives from them.
Beauty is vain as summer bloom
To which a transient fate is given ;
But hers awaits a lasting doom
In the eternal bowers of heaven.

VANCY GOODS REPAIRED.

EVERY article in their department of business, CARROLL and HUTCHINSON will undertake to repair in the most neat, complete, and expeditious manner, and for a reasonable charge.

Articles too delicate to be conveniently removed will be repaired at the houses of their owners, in all cases where it is possible.

The Law of Love.

BLESSED is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain :

Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descends on those who thus fulfill
The perfect law of love.

FREE GALLERY OF ART.

CARROLL & HUTCHINSON have set apart a large, well-lighted, elegant and easily accessible room in their establishment, as a FREE GALLERY OF ART, to which the public are earnestly invited at all hours of the day and evening.

An important feature of their collection of paintings is Mr. DE BRAEKELEER's superb and costly

GALLERY OF BELGIAN PICTURES,
the productions of the most renowned Belgian Artists,
and the admiration of all who behold them.

The attention of our readers is requested to the following pages, in which those exquisite pictures are described by Mr. DE BRAEKELEER himself, who is not only a competent judge of paintings, but is himself an Artist of merit, and the son of the most celebrated Artist in Belgium.

The Ferry.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I pass'd this restless wave,
And the evening fair as ever
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried ;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

So, where'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Sadd'ning thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us friend to friend,
'Tis that soul with soul can blend :
Soul-fraught were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly,
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

UHLAND.

MR. DE BRAEKELEER'S PREFACE.

My desire in presenting this Collection of Oil Paintings by the modern Belgian Masters, to the public, is to make the American people acquainted with the rapid progress which the Fine Arts have made and are still making in my native country.

Encouraged, as I am, in this enterprise by the Belgian Government, and being somewhat connected with this School of Art, I hope to be able to satisfy the admirer as well as the purchaser as to the authenticity of the Paintings and the claims of my project.

No one is so little protected against imitation and plagiarism as the Artist—a circumstance which injures his reputation as well as material interests ; some judge the Master by a Copy, and others abstain from purchasing on account of having been so often deceived. To avoid any such occurrence, and to convince the public of the authenticity of each Painting, the proprietor of this Collection provides himself with a sealed Certificate, written by the hand of the Master, by whom each picture is painted.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 1, 1853.

DE BRAEKELEER, JR.,

*Sole accredited Agent for the Belgian School
in the United States of America.*

AT CARROLL & HUTCHINSON'S,

547 BROADWAY.

Morning, Noon, and Night.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew ;
She calls, but still he thinks of nought but playing,
And so, she smiles, and waves him an adieu ;
While he, still busy with his flowery store,
Dreams not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more.

Noon cometh, but the boy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time ; he sees but one sweet form—
One young, sweet face, from bower of jessamine
glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm ;
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the Western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasure gone, as all life's pleasures go ;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark, and man returns no more.

MR. DE BRAEKELEER'S CERTIFICATE.**CERCLE ARTISTIQUE,***Littéraire et Scientifique*

ANVERS, le 29 AVRIL, 1853.

SECTION DES ARTS PLASTIQUES.**A MONSIEUR DE BRAEKELEER, JR., à New York.**

MONSIEUR, Nous avons l'honneur de vous informer que la Section des Arts Plastiques du Cercle Artistique Littéraire et Scientifique d'Anvers, voulant vous donner un témoignage de la satisfaction et de l'intérêt avec lesquels elle suit vos louables efforts pour faire connaître et apprécier en Amerique les oeuvres des artistes Belges; desireuse en outre de vous prêter soin appui par une preuve de son approbation et de son entière confiance, vous a dans sa séance du 16 Courant nommé son Representant à New York, en vous engageant à correspondre avec elle, afin de latenir au courant de tout ce qui peut avoir quelque intérêt pour les artistes de notre Pays.

La Section est heureuse Monsieur de voir dans un pays où le Commerce honteux de la contrefaçon porte un si grand préjudice aux arts, les intérêts des Artistes Belges représentés par un homme honorable, qui nous en sommes convaincus sera bientôt autorité en matière d'art et dont la parole pourra à juste titre être considérée comme un certificat d'authenticité pour les oeuvres des artistes de notre Pays.

Afin de donner à cette manifestation toute sa valeur nous croyons utile de vous faire savoir que la Section des Arts renferme aujourd'hui la presque généralité des Artistes d'Anvers et parmi eux tous ceux qui se sont fait un nom dans la carrière artistique.

En faisant des voeux pour l'entièrre réussite de votre entreprise, nous vons prions Monsieur d'agréer l'assurance de notre considération distinguée.

*Le Président J. VAN REGEMORTER.
Le Vice President ERIN CORR.*

*Les Secrétaires,
JOS. LIES, Peintre Artiste.
JEAN SWERTS "*

*Le Conseil d'Administration,
N. DE KEYZER, Peintre Artiste.
H. LEYS, " "
FERD. DE BRAEKELEER, " "
J. DYCKMANS, " "
LOUIS DE TAYE, " "
JOSEPH GEEFS, Sculpteur.
BERCKMANS, } Architectes.
P. DENS, }
MICHEL VERZWYVEL, Graveur.*

Rocks and Rivers.

WHEN the Rivers first were born,
From the hill tops each surveyed,
Through the lifting haze of morn,
Where his path through life was laid.

Down they poured through heath and wood,
Ploughing up each passing field ;
All gave way before the flood,
The Rocks alone refused to yield.

“ Your pardon !” said the waters bland,
“ Permit us to pass on our way ;
We’re sent to fertilize the land—
And will be chid for this delay.”

“ You sent !” the Rocks replied with scorn,
“ You muddy, ill-conditioned streams,
Return and live where ye were born,
Nor cheat yourselves with such wild dreams.”

“ You will not ?” “ No !” The waters mild,
Called loudly on their kindred stock,
Wave upon wave their strength they piled,
And cleft in twain rock after rock.

They nurtured towns, they fed the land,
They brought new life to fruits and flocks ;
The Rivers are the People, and
The Irish landlords are the Rocks.

Beauty in Death.

THE countenance a glory wore ;
A loveliness unknown before ;
So perfect, so divinely fair,
A sainted soul seemed present there.

On that calm face were still imprest,
The last emotions of the breast ;
There still the parting impress lay
Of fond affection's lingering stay.

And still did resignation speak
Serenely from the placid cheek,
And kind benevolence was there,
With humble faith and trusting prayer.

Oh ! how did beauty's softest bloom—
So uncongenial to the tomb—
With love and piety unite,
And sweet repose, and calm delight !

If sleep there be in realms above,
This was the sleep that angels love ;
Mortal ne'er dreamed a dream like this,
Of perfect, pure, celestial bliss !

Loved spirit ! while thy friends remain
On earth, we cannot meet again ;
But, ah ! how blest their souls will be,
That pass through death like thine to thee !

CATALOGUE

OF

O I L P A I N T I N G S

AND

S T A Y B A R F,

BY THE

M O D E R N B E L G I A N M A S T E R S .

M A D O U.

1. THE BAD PLAYER.—This picture represents a rustic Flemish interior, where two Card Players have just finished their game ; the winner, content with his success, is seated with folded arms and complacent nonchalance—unmoved by the rage of his companion, who has risen, and is giving vent to his anger by menacing gestures. A burly spectator is good-naturedly laughing at his rage ; behind the furious gamester stands a looker-on, who, fearful of the result, is endeavoring to restrain his arm ; while, at the back of the victor, two peasants, one a pretty girl, are obviously enjoying the scene.

Love and Hunting.

In forest wild I shoot the stag,
Or roebuck bounding free ;
The eagle on the mountain crag,
The wild duck on the sea.
With certain aim I kill my game,
Where I with rifle rove,
And yet my wild heart once was tame,
And felt the power of Love.

And oft I camp in winter drear,
By night and storm alone,
And lay my head without a fear,
Upon the snow-clad stone.
A thorny bed I never dread,
Though winds blow cold above ;
And yet this heart, so still and dead,
Has felt the power of Love.

The wild hawk is my sentinel,
The wolf still guards my bounds ;
The night I pass with shout and yell,
The day midst barking hounds.
For feather rare, I ever wear
A fir twig from the grove ;
Yet once I had a lady fair,
And felt the power of Love !

FROM THE GERMAN.

PIERRE DE BRAEKELEER.

THIS artist was the founder of the MODERN BELGIAN SCHOOL, which is now taking the first rank in this branch of Painting in all Europe. His Paintings enjoy the highest reputation, and are to be found in the largest galleries of Europe.

2. THE INTERIOR OF A DUTCH KITCHEN,—renowned for their cleanliness. A Dutch woman is sleeping near the hearth, where she was preparing dinner for her husband, whose return she expects. Behind her are two children, who profit by this favorable moment to grasp some apples and other sweet bits from the drawers of an old shrine, to which they cannot get an easy access otherwise. The cat, in the foreground, is regaling itself with a herring, which this opportunity made it gain.

This painting has so striking an effect, that it is scarcely necessary to talk about its merits.

It is sufficient to observe the veracity with which the detail, as well as the whole of this scene is treated. The slumbering face and attitude of yon bright and rosy colored Dutch woman, who is overcome with a sound sleep, caused by the warm fire and the fatigue of waiting, it shows almost her history of the whole forenoon. The attitudes and expression of the children are masterly ; the boy, stretched out as far as he can reach, to clutch what his desires are after ; and that little silly, shrewd girl, whose watching countenance is inimitable.

Preaching and Practice.

THE clergyman bids all be humble in woe,
And tells how sinful is pride,
Then his jewelled fingers darken his brow,
And his book is set aside.
Still the beggar laughs, and declares it a sham,
And says—"He may tell his school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,
With his hand deep down in its wool."

The gothic doorway creaks on its hinge,
The clergyman comes from the porch,
Nor pauses to comfort the beggar's twinge,
As he aches in the yard of the church.
But the beggar laughs, and thinks all a sham,
And says—"He may tell his school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,
With his hand deep down in its wool."

Slowly the old man creeps from his nook,
And limps on his weary way,
And smiles as he hears men preach from the Book,
But turn all the ragged away.
Then the old fellow laughs, and swears it's a sham,
And says—"Priests preach in their school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,
While they warm themselves in the wool."

W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

THE SAME.

3. THE OUTSIDE OF A DUTCH HOUSE.—On the stoop stands its tenant and a neighbor, telling each other their news ; all the stories they have to tell—either gossip about their neighbors, or reminiscences of their younger days ; but Nemesis is at hand, and a young girl watching them at the corner, is overhearing every word. The scene is well lighted, and the utensils of a household laying in the foreground, are finely shaded. The landscape behind, in the tints of the evening sun, which is trying to break a passage through the different objects, is masterly done. The head of the lurking girl ought to be observed carefully, as the different lights falling on it form a splendid chiaro oscuro, masterly executed.

To a Blank Sheet of Paper.

WAN-VISAGED thing ! thy virgin leaf
To me looks more than deadly pale,
Unknowing what may stain thee yet,—
A poem or a tale.

Love may light on thy snowy cheek,
And shake his Eden-breathing plumes ;

Then shalt thou tell how Lelia smiles,
Or Angelina blooms.

Satire may lift his bearded lance,
Forestalling Time's slow moving scythe,
And, scattered on thy little field,
Disjointed bards may writhe.

Perchance a vision of the night,
Some grizzled spectres, gaunt and thin,
Or sheeted corpse, may stalk along,
Or skeleton may grin !

If it should be in pensive hour
Some sorrow-moving theme I try,
Ah, maiden, how thy tears will fall,
For all I doom to die.

But if in merry mood I touch
Thy leaves, then shall the sight of the e
Sow smiles as thick on rosy lips,
As ripples on the sea.

Take, then, this treasure to thy trust,
To win some idle reader's smile,
Then fade, and moulder in the dust,
Or swell some bonfire's crackling pile.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SAME.

4. THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.—A scene of domestic pleasure in humble life. The father having returned from the labor of the day, has taken his violin and is amusing the family, who, intent on the music, exhibit the greatest delight, from the hearty old grandfather to the toddling infant; and even the doll of the youngest child is made, by its little mistress, to dance sympathetically to the gay tones of the fiddle. The graphic still life of the picture, and the varied expression, happy in each face, all being individual, yet having a family resemblance, give peculiar interest to the scene. The grand mother keeps time with her hands, and the mother is bringing out the frugal meal; in the background is sunshine; it is, indeed, a

HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

Rain in Summer.

How beautiful is the rain!

After the dust and heat,

In the broad and fiery street,

In the narrow lane,

How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,

Like the tramp of hoofs!

How it gushes and struggles out

From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window pane

It pours and pours;

And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the dryer grain
How welcome is the rain !

LONGFELLOW.

To the Genius of Art.

A STATUETTE ON THE MANTEL.

THOU art a Beam from God—the brightest Ray
That Heaven hath earthward sent to cheer the soul
And animate it in its house of clay,
With dreams of light, and life, and Glory's goal.
Here, mutely worshipping, I gaze on thee,
Till nascent haloes dawn around thy brow
And from the portals of eternity,
The laurelled Dead, returning, round thee bow.
There bent o'er Farnarina's sainted face,
Feeding his soul, eternal Raphael kneels,
As if in its pale hues he still can trace
Beauty, surpassing all that Heaven reveals:
Angelo—Titian—all the immortal Great,
Glide in and at thy feet for inspiration wait.

ESTELLE ANNE LEWIS.

THE SAME.

5. THE UNHAPPY HOUSEHOLD.—This picture represents the reverse of its companion. Here is grouped a family destitute of work and without bread. In the midst we see the cradle of the infant; the mother seated by its side, weeps; a little boy weary with the day's begging, has fallen asleep, with his woe-begone face resting on her knee; the father, suffocated with grief, looks despairing on the misery of his wife and children; upon his breast leans his eldest daughter, hiding her tearful face; by a beautiful expedient, part of the light of this picture radiates from a lamp burning before the image of the Virgin. All is sad and melancholy, and it offers a most powerful contrast to the cheerful tableau of the

HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

CONSTANT WAUTERS,

Scholar of F. De Braekeleer. He paints principally in the style of the times of Louis XIV. and XV.

6. This picture represents a sheepwalk, where a young shepherd and a young shepherdess, leaning against a fence, are trying to find a decision of their lot by plucking the leaves of a daisy. In the shade of the old oak, at their feet, is the dog watching, whilst their flock is to be seen grazing in the splendid pasture behind.

This small painting is full of striking effect by its color, and one of the best productions of this young Master.

THE SAME.

7.—A YOUNG Roman woman is in the act of taking her boy out of the bath which she made him take in a rustic water-basin in the foreground. A charming scenery surrounds the group showing a Roman park, with monuments and statues in the background.

This painting, although small, may be considered as a jewel for the brilliancy of its colors and the neatness of its execution.

The Heartstrings Broken.

I KNEW her when she was a little child,
And there was something in her infancy
So redolent of joy, that when she smiled,
The sorrowful would smile through sympathy,
And say, "Long may that sweet face show no token
Of disappointed hopes, and heartstrings broken."

And there was something in her infant voice,
Of melody, unbroken by harsh words;
Something which brought before one paradise,
Whose only music was the song of birds;
Ah, why should such sweet voices e'er give token
Of disappointed hopes, and heartstrings broken !

I saw her grow into a lovely girl :
I looked with wonder in her deep dark eye ;
Oh ! *there* was something like a priceless pearl;
A star from Heaven—a soul—a mystery !
"It cannot be," I said, "such eyes give token
Of disappointed hopes, and heartstrings broken."

I saw that sweet flower open leaf by leaf,
And every leaf was lovelier than the last ;
I saw that sweet flower fade : my tale is brief ;
It budded, bloomed, and withered, it is past ;
And as it passed, each faded leaf gave token
Of disappointed hopes, and heartstrings broken.

THE SAME.

8. **THE BUTTERFLIES.**—Three girls, one of whom has fallen to the ground, try to catch the butterfly. Whilst in this act they are surprised and caught by two hunters, who approach cautiously through the bushes. Whilst catching they are caught, and just by the being whose symbol they were trying to catch.

THE SAME.

9.—**THE SPANISH ADVENTURER.** One of those gay fellows we read of in Gil Blas, who, like Figaro, are ready to carry a billet-doux or serenade a lady ; he is now enjoying his glass of Muscat, and with his guitar beside him, ready to accompany a song or dance.

THE SAME.

10. **THE BATH.**—A young girl, who has just emerged from a fountain, is gazing, lost in reverie, as she leans against the wall, upon a butterfly, which has alighted upon her bare shoulder.

The Friend in Need.

His house consumed by fire one night,
Aret was broken hearted ;
For cousin, friend and parasite,
His very dog departed.

One faithful still remained : the cat,
With melancholy mewing ;
Increased his sorrow as he sat
Beside the smoking ruin.

“ Art thou ! ” he sighed, “ my friend in need ?
By others now forsaken ;
Then eat with me, though poor indeed,
Of this half-roasted bacon.

“ Come, share the treasure,” Aret cried ;
“ ‘Tis moist with tears I shed ;
“ That’s what I smelled,” the cat replied,
And snapped it up and fled.

PEFFELL.

THE SAME.

11. THE HAMMOCK.—An eastern mother reposing with her child in her arms, in a hammock swinging under the trees.

THE SAME.

12. THE BIRD'S NEST.—A young peasant girl, with her lover at her side, is seated with a bird's nest she has just found, in her lap ; the parent bird is flying anxiously above.

PLUMOT.

13. CHILD PLAYING WITH A DOG.—A rich saloon, in the style of Rubens, with a mother seated on a couch and her child playing with a dog on the floor ; in the back ground is a vestibule with statuary, opening into a garden ; the silk curtains, Turkish carpets, massive furniture and elegant costumes are characteristic of the 15th Century.

The Child's Last Wish.

“ Oh ! sing me a song as I fall asleep,”
Said a little one with a lustrous eye,
“ Or tell me a tale of the flowers that peep
In the bright green woods that reach the sky—
That peep in the spring when the birdies sing,
And the heavens are blue as our Nelly’s eyes ;

Or tell of the child with the angel wing,
Who walks in the garden of paradise!"

I sung him a song—I told him a tale,
And watched by his couch till we thought he slept,
For his cheek was white as the moonbeams pale,
That stealthy and bright near his pillow crept;
Then my words grew faint and my voice sang low,
And I said, in my dream let the seraphs sing,
But he whispered soft as I rose to go—
“Oh! tell of the child of the angel wing.”

Then I sang again—but he restless grew,
And tossed his young arms as he wildly spoke,
And a burning red on his forehead flew,
As the moon went down and the morning broke.
But he spoke no more of the spring bright flowers,
And he thought no more of his sister's eyes;
One name alone in his feverish hours,
Was breathed in a whisper that pierced the skies.

“My mother,” he said, and his eyes grew dim,
For the sense with her waving lustre fled,
And he never knew that she knelt by him
Whose sun went down at his dying bed!
He has gone where the Seraphs sweetly sing—
His story was brief as the sunset dyes—
He walks with the child of the angel wing,
In the flowery gardens of Paradise!

JOSEPH LIES.

Pupil of N. De Keyser.

14. AN IDEAL PORTRAIT GROUP.—Three female heads, in which the hair is effectively contrasted—black brown and flaxen.

Blonde, Brune et Noire.

(FANTAISIE.)

Qui n'a rêvé souvent, aux jours où la jeunesse
Répand sa sève ardente au plus profond du cœur,—
Rêve que deux beaux yeux, humides de tendresse,
D'un regard l'enivraient d'extase et de bonheur !

O fantômes charmants, dont la forme divine
Puise au sein du rêveur l'idéal enchanté !
—Brune au piquant sourire, à l'œillade mutine,
Capricieuse, aimant surtout ta liberté !

—Enfant à tête blonde, en tes songes ravie,
Qui livre ta jeune âme à de vagues espoirs ;
—Et toi, dont l'œil ardent interroge la vie,
Fière et le front pensif sou tes longs cheveux noirs !

Vous toutes, frêle essaim, qu'un léger souffle enlève,
Balancé mollement dans un ciel embrâisé,
Qu'avez-vous fait des cœurs où naquit ce doux rêve ?
Beaux anges, pour combien s'est-il réalisé ?

The Sea.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea :
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go :
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter ! I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to his billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was, and is to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

J. VAN OUDENHOVEN.*Scholar of Ferd. De Braekeleer.*

15. **A FAIR OF THE 16TH CENTURY.**—A Jew is calling to a lady, who is accompanied by her lover; the carriage is waiting in the back ground; numerous figures in holiday costumes are gathered on the scene; there are peasants coming to market; the sun is shining over the crowd.

THE SAME.

16. **A LADY** of the times of Louis XV. descending on a walk with her suit toward a pond, on which she is to make an excursion in the boat which is waiting for her in the back ground. The characteristic expression of the begging woman in contrast to the rosy girl who gives her the alms, is rich, and the scene is made to show riches and poverty in its often vicinity. A great deal of talent is laid down in this work; the landscape is pleasant, and the dress as well as the position of the figures executed with great care and minuteness.

RICH and rare were the Gems she wore.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

“Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way ?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?”

“Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight ! they love honor and virtue more !”

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honor and Erin’s pride.

THOMAS MOORE.

PRINCE RADIN SALEK.

This Artist is an Oriental Prince.

17. **A SQUALL.**—This painting is one of those remarkable fancy pieces, which the genius can only paint from recollection, having no chance of observing such a scene long. The tempest is raging, and below yonder high shore an American ship is wrecked, whilst farther off another one is trying to escape the imminent peril. The fury of the hurricane, the power with which the high rolling waves are thrown on the breakers, the rage of the elements, and the gloom of this spectacle, are very lively and strikingly represented.

HOGUET.

18. **Swiss LANDSCAPE.**—In the foreground a fertile pasture with some sheep ; on the left hand side some caverns and pallisades ; farther behind a few huts with gray roofs and white walls, known by the name of Swiss CHALLETS. These huts, in their light appearance, form a characteristic contrast with the dark pines behind. Some more huts are almost covered with mist, which is so peculiar to the Alps, and hides such sceneries often entirely. The mountains with their snow fields and ice-covered summits, form still a more striking effect in contrast with the green pasture grounds and the farther removed sterile plain.

To Scotland.

FAREWELL awhile my native isle,
I love thee more that now I leave thee ;
The "holy tie," thy mystic band,
Draws close around my heart and grieves me.
England's green hills and silver rills
I leave with sad regret behind me ;
While mountains dark and torrents wild
Of childhood's happy days remind me.

Fair Scotland, my own fatherland,
My lisping notes did kindly cherish,
And memory o'er my soul hath cast
A spell for her will never perish.
I go to woo a nation's smiles,
Great empire of the western wave ;
Yet in my own dear land I'd sleep—
In Scotland's soil would find a grave.

But for "the while" we'll cast our cares
Upon the winds and seek for pleasure ;
And may each one that sits around
Give and receive it without measure,
With hearts with pride and wonder filled
We'll raise our voices cheerily,
While through the deep with magic sweep
Our bark careers right merrily.

THE SAME.

19. **A SMILING LANDSCAPE.**—In the foreground some utensils of farming, three goats grazing, and a forest, wherein some woodsmen are cutting; farther off, a village with its steeple. This painting forms an excellent pendant to the former, and shows that splendid coloring and broad style of painting, which made the Artist such a high renown in Belgium.

E. SCHMIDT.

20. **A MARINE SCENE NEAR A FRENCH PORT.**—The water is rough, and a little fishing boat is winding its way through the waves. This painting is very true in its color and drawing, and has a very fine effect, especially in the tints of the breaking waves.

AUGUST SERRURE.

Scholar of Ferd. De Braekeleer.

21. **A YOUNG LADIES' LEVEE.**—Three young ladies are sitting at the breakfast table, in a room of the times of Louis XV., one of them is reading a confidential letter to her two young friends, of whom one is almost devouring its contents, whilst the other is quietly listening, sipping a cup of coffee. The position of the figures is easy and elegant; the style of the dresses and the interior of the room is minutely kept in the style of Louis XV., and the whole scene represented with great brilliancy and fascination.

Hush!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,

"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,

I can hear a sound at last."

"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves,
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking,"

Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,

And the red flushed in her cheek.

"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,

As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,

I can hear a horseman ride,"

"It is only the deer that are feeding
In a herd on the clover grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest ;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed ;
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead !

THE SAME.

22. THE PROMENADE.—A rich young lady and a peasant girl are walking together in a garden. The coloring is very rich.

THE SAME.

23. RUSTIC LOVE.

THE SAME.

24. THE LOVE TEST.—A young girl is plucking the leaves of a flower, by way of testing the feelings of her lover. It is an old chance game familiar in Flanders ; three phrases are repeated successively, and the one spoken as the last leaf is plucked, decides the question. There is a mingled coquetry and seriousness in the girl's expression, and the coloring and design are highly artistic.

A True Lover's Soliloquy.

A WANDERER from my distant home,
From those who blest me with their love,
With boundless plains beneath my feet,
And foreign skies my head above ;
I look around me sternly here,
And smother feelings strong and deep,
While o'er my brow are gath'ring dark
The thoughts that from my spirit leap.

I think of her whose bosom sweet
Has pillow'd oft my aching head ;
Whose eye would brighten at my voice,
Whose ear was quick to know my tread.
I think of her, the fondly loved,
Whose heart and soul have mixed with mine
Till life had nothing more to give,
Yet asked of Heaven no boon divine.

How beautiful the hours with her !
How full of deep o'erpowering bliss,
When bosoms that so loved were joined,
And lips that thirsted for the kiss.
Unmindful then of aught but joy,
'Twas death to gaze and not to meet—
All, all the same if fortune smiled,
Or ruin yawned beneath our feet !

Ah, beautiful ! thrice beautiful !
 And passion bound me in her thrall ;
 In manhood's might before her shrine,
 I knelt me down and yielded all.
 Then let it go—if I have sinned,
 'Twas that my heart knew no control,—
 When she, who called me to her arms,
 Was first, was all that stirred my soul.

EUGENE VERBOECKHOVEN.

This artist is considered the first painter of Animals in Belgium. His pictures are deemed very choice in every European Gallery.

25. A FLOCK OF SHEEP FRIGHTENED BY A STORM.—In the centre is a ewe with two lambs overpowered by fear ; behind is the ram, uttering a cry of alarm ; the remainder of the sheep are huddling after, and in the rear, the Shepherd is endeavoring, by means of his dog, to get the terror-stricken animals in order. A heavy cloud is sweeping over them, accompanied by a tempest of wind ; the trees are bowed to the gale ; and the whole landscape is full of signs of the sudden gust before which the affrighted animals, painted to the life, so quail as to be regardless of their keeper's voice.

THE SAME.

26. COWS AND SHEEP AT PASTURE.—One cow is standing in a brook ; some sheep and another cow are lying on the grass. This lovely picture is drawn with a brilliant sunshine ; some ducks, chickens and a cock enhance the effect of the whole. It is a gem of rural art.

Rain in the Country.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.

For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

THE SAME.

27. A FLOCK OF SHEEP LEAVING A STABLE.—First comes a ewe with her lamb. This little masterpiece is characteristic of the best qualities of this master.

THE SAME.

28. STABLING SHEEP.—Another fine specimen of this Artist's skill as a delineator of animals ; besides the flock of sheep of different ages and in various attitudes, we have two domestic fowls and a rabbit; the Shepherd is a characteristic figure, and the light in this picture is admirably managed.

THE SAME.

29. INTERIOR OF A STABLE.—The effect of the sunshine which enters through a small window, is very striking. Several sheep are lying on the floor.

Song should Breathe.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers ;
Song should like a river flow ;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago !

Song from baser thoughts should win us ;
Song should charm us out of wo ;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all men doeth,
War and peace, and right and wrong—
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

Song should spur the mind to duty ;
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong :
Every deed of truth and beauty .
Should be crowned by starry Song !

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SAME.

30. LANDSCAPE WITH DEER. A buck and a fawn are drinking at a stream with their young, in the midst of a beautiful wooded country. One of the best works of this master.

R. VAN HAANEN.

31. THE SEA SHORE AT SCHEVENINGUE.—The figures in this highly authentic landscape are drawn by Verboeckhoven, and are drawn and grouped, as well as colored with great truth to nature; the newly arrived fishermen are unloading one boat, while two of their wives are gossiping under the lea of another.

A. ORTMANS.

32. COMPOSITION LANDSCAPE.—Several old trees beside a stream are violently agitated, and some of them rent by a storm; the foliage and sky are effective; a group of Deer and two Fawns, by Verboeckhoven, have approached the water, but are so frightened that only one has courage to drink.

Evergreens.

To —.

WHEN Summer's sunny hues adorn

Sky, forest, hill, and meadow,

The foliage of the evergreens,

In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of Autumn have

Their sober reign asserted,

The landscape that cold shadow shows,

Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth

Will smile upon our sorrow,

And many dark fears of to-day

May be bright hopes to-morrow.

And thine unfading image thus

Shall often cheer my sadness,

Though now its constant looks reprove

A momentary gladness.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

A Night Song.

'Tis Night! 'tis Night! the Hour of hours,

When Love lies down with folded wings,

By Psyche in her starless bowers,

And down his fatal arrows flings—

Those bowers whence not a sound is heard,
 Save only from the bridal bird,
 Who 'mid that utter darkness sings :
 This her burthen soft and clear—
Love is here! Love is here!

'Tis Night,! The moon is on the stream ;
 Bright spells are on the soothed sea ;
 And Hope, the child, is gone to dream,
 Of pleasures which may never be !
 And now is haggard Care asleep ;
 Now doth the widow Sorrow smile ;
 And slaves are hushed in slumber deep,
 Forgetting grief and toil awhile !

What sight can fiery morning show ?
 To shame the stars or pale moonlight ?
 What bounty can the day bestow,
 Like that which falls from gentle Night ?
 Sweet Lady, sing I not aright ?
 Oh ! turn and tell me—for the day
 Is faint and fading fast away ;
 And now comes back the Hour of hours,
 When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
 And sighs, like winds 'mong evening flowers,
 Until the maiden Silence speaks !

BARRY CORNWALL.

BODEMAN.

33. LANDSCAPE, WITH CATTLE BY E. VERBOECKHOVEN.
On one side a bridge, on the other a high hill ; in the centre cattle and sheep ; several figures are well introduced.

P. VAN SCHENDEL.

This Artist is celebrated for his moonlight and candle-light pictures ; his management of light and shade and CHIARO 'SCURO, is wonderfully effective.

34. THE MARKET OF AMSTERDAM AT NIGHT.—This picture represents a Fish Stall, at which a lady, with her servant, is making a purchase. The expression of the market woman and her customer indicate some question of price. The glow of the candle illuminates the face of both, while deep shadows are adjacent. The scene is most life-like and true to nature.

THE SAME.

35. THE FRUIT MARKET.

HYGENS.

36. FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

**Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our
Own.**

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
 Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of
 flowers;

Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent, and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they loved in the first golden
 time;

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.

With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers,
 And, with hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

THOMAS MOORE.

MARTIUS KUYTENBOWER.

37. THE HUNTER's BIVOUAC.—The Scenery of this Landscape is a wild region of Germany. The sky and sunset is very fine; the foliage is excellent and the light managed effectively. The hunters are approaching from different quarters, accompanied by their dogs and horses; in the foreground are several hunters reposing, with the game they have killed lying near. Figures, horses, dogs and game are painted by Verboeckhoven.

JOSEPH STALLAERT.

This Artist was honored with the first prize for the Fine Art of Painting by his Government, which permitted him to study four years in Rome from whence he returned to Belgium, where he now paints Italy and its Inhabitants.

38. In the shade of a wine-bower a young Roman peasant woman, with her child on her arms, is sitting in the attitude of a Madonna. The position is well selected and graceful; the dress is minute and very carefully executed; the head of the mother is remarkably fine.

R O B E R T .

The celebrated French Artist.

39. THE ITALIAN FISHER's FAMILY.—On a stone bench, near the magnificent bay of Naples, sits a Neapolitan Fisherman playing a guitar to his melodious songs of love. His wife accompanies him on the tamburino, and even the child in the cradle listens attentively to the father's voice. *This is the*

land of song, and the idea could not be better represented. The whole scene is so true in its particulars, that having seen this painting, every one knows the character of the lower Neapolitan classes, and its expression, arrangement, and the idea which it should represent, are so masterly, that we must confess its being one of the best works of that immortal genius, who unfortunately has quitted us too soon.

DAVID DE NOTER,

Is one of the Belgian Artists, excelling in the finish of his Paintings, which almost exclusively represent Interior of Houses especially Kitchens.

40. THE YOUNG COOK.—At a rustic table of the 16th Century, a Cook is busily engaged with picking a chicken and different other poultry, and gives a small bit to the hungry dog. Grapes, different kitchen apparatus, vegetables and a beautiful hare are scattered around her. In the back-ground is an open door, to which a flight of steps is leading, and through which the garden and some houses are seen, moderately lighted by the sun, giving the whole scene something gay and pleasant.

The Time I've Lost in Wooing.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
 My only books,
 Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite,
 Whom maids by night
Oft met in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
O ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?
No, vain, alas ! th' endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever ;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

L. RIQUIER.

41. MALO OF NAPLES.—In front of this large and magnificent painting is a group of Neapolitan fishermen ; at the right hand side lies a man surrounded by his children ; one of them approaches him to caress him ; a girl is industriously engaged in spinning ; at the left is the mother of this happy family, with her little children on her lap ; at her side is a babe playing with a bottle ; the dog lies reposing, and various fishing utensils are laying around. On the left several fishermen are drawing their nets ; farther off others are seen bathing, etc. ; in the background is the City of Naples, with its steeples and towers, and many anchored vessels. The sun is setting gloriously, and its beams gild some dark clouds coming up on the horizon. The fine grouping and the minute execution of this painting make it one of the best productions of this Artist.

DEDREUX DORCY.

A distinguished Artist in Pastel Drawing.

42. THE BRUNETTE,	}	Pastel Drawing.
43. THE BLONDE.		

F. FRANCIA.

44. A MARINE SCENE AT SUNSET, NEAR CALAIS.—The sun is setting among clouds in its glory, and throws its yellow beams on a French bark, steering westward. In the foreground is a fisher-boat reefed in and drawing the net ; different vessels are on the water, whose beautiful true color, in contrast with the yellow clouds, produce a striking effect.

THE SAME.

45. THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF CALAIS IN HEAVY WEATHER.—Buffeting with the impetuosity of the element, a fisher-boat is trying to reach the harbor; a cutter behind her is trying the same; a brigantine is to be seen farther off. To the right hand is the harbor, with a mass of people assembled on its ramparts. This picture is one of the finest compositions of the Artist; the color and shape of the clouds and the waves are extremely true and beautiful.

THE SAME.

46. CALM ON SEA.—A French brig, with a small brigantine on her side, as well as a small boat in the foreground, are slowly gliding and rocking with the slight current, on the quiet surface of the waters. The sinking sun throws its last beams on the vessels and the water. The calm in air and sea is admirably represented.

THE SAME.

47. LANDSCAPE NEAR ROTTERDAM, ON THE MAAS.—In the foreground are some brambles and a float, to the left hand are some houses near shore and bordered with trees; farther behind are some vessels near the village, and in the background are some Dutch windmills, with a perspective in a pleasant landscape. True and broad style of painting form the merit of this painting.

THE SAME.

48. A FRENCH BRIGANTINE RE-ENTERING PORT UNDER FULL SAILS.—A very pleasant clear picture, admirably executed.

DE BRAEKELEER, JR.

49. This picture represents the interior of a Hollandish Inn, whose peculiarities are minutely rendered. In the foreground is an old burgher, who settles his account, rather surprised at what he is charged with. The young hostess smiles rather cunningly at his tardiness. The background, lighted from different windows, shows some burghers busily engaged in smoking their pipes and reading the newspapers.

Love.

To guide in life, assist, console,
Each spirit claims a sister-soul,
Congenial partner of its fate,
In desp'rate woe, or joy elate:

There is a link, 'bove nature wrought,
'Bove flesh and blood, a mystic knot,
By which two souls for ever join
In faith, in hope and love divine:—

Ah ! flesh and blood, say, what are they ?
All nature, what, but dust and clay ?
The only bond, which men, nor time,
Nor death dissolves, is love sublime ;

ABBE ROUQUETTE.

THE SAME.

50. THE INTERIOR OF A PRIVATE MANSION IN HOLLAND.—The husband and his lady are in the first room, through whose high window the morning sun shines brightly. Divers objects of amusement are laying by prepared to be used in turn. The husband, his back turned towards the window, is reading the news, curling up the smoke from his clay pipe after breakfast, whilst his wife is busy in working fine laces. There is a second room to be seen behind, on whose floor the sun is reflecting the window, and behind this, still farther off, a kitchen. We beg the spectator to observe the reflection which is thrown on the face of the husband from the paper which he reads, and further, the accuracy of all the dresses, utensils, instruments, the perspective of the rooms, their furniture, and the whole interior of a Dutch house.

51. THE STUDIO OF AN ARTIST.—Copy of the picture of GERARD DOW, in the Museum of Brussels.

52. Copy of the "DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," by P. P. RUBENS, in the Cathedral of Antwerp.

"It is to this painting that artists of every country make pilgrimage, and bow before a work said to be worthy of the throne of art. While gazing on this sublime masterpiece, the admiration of the beholder is not less called forth by the grandeur of the conception and the sublimity of the design, than by the simplicity and purity of the style in which this subject is represented. The placid yet deathly appearance of our Saviour, the concentration of interest towards this one object, the looks of horror and commiseration all drawn to this common focus, the agony of the Holy Virgin, the tears of the Magdalen, even lovely in her grief, the affliction of St. John, are all brought before you in the strongest, the most forcible manner, but without the slightest approach to exaggeration."

53. COPY OF THE SAME.

STATUARY.

J. VAN KERCKHOVEN.

54. A CUPID, (marble.)

The Color of Love.

I CAN nor tell nor sing the bliss of loving,
It is a joy to think of—not to speak,
Words, Symbols, Lyres, Seraphic Trumpets are too
weak

To utter its divinity—so proving
That silence is its best interpreter.
Love never did gain strength through speech or ear ;
If found loquacious, it is plumed for roving,
Or lodged in bosoms little worth its moving.
All things assume the color of my love,
I only see through its prismatic eyes.
It vests the stars in hues of Paradise,
And clothes the moon in soulshine from above—
If sun, moon, stars went out—earth were black night,
I could live on and love by Love's celestial light.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Love and the Novice.

“ HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend ;
Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
To heaven in mingled odor ascend.
Do not disturb our calm, O Love !
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

Love stood near the novice and listened,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;
His laughing blue eyes soon with pity glistened ;
His rosy wing turned to heaven's own tint.
“ Who would have thought,” the urchin cries,

“ That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings and wounding eyes ? ”

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer’s flame with his sighs.
Love is the Saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them clothed in Piety’s vest.

THOMAS MOORE.

I think of Thee.

I THINK of thee till all is dim confusion.
And Reason reels upon her fragile throne—
The past and present blend in strange illusion—
Thoughts, feelings, all commingle into one,
As streams and rills into the ocean run,
And my pale cheeks are drenched with a suffusion
Of drops upheaved from lava-founts of woe;
And while these burning tides my lids o’erflow,
Impassioned Fancy to thy presence hies,
And suns her in the radiance of thine eyes—
At the pure well-spring of thy bosom sips,
And feeds upon the nectar of thy lips,
Then back, with gathered sweets, returns to me,
As homeward comes at eve the honey-freighted bee.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

OTHER WORKS OF ART.

THE Free Gallery will generally contain from 150 to 200 works, all of them worthy the close inspection of the artist, the connoisseur and the purchaser.

By nearly every steamer that arrives from Europe, Mr. De Braekeler receives pictures to occupy the places in the gallery rendered vacant by the sale of those previously exhibited. So that, at all times, the visitor may rely upon seeing works new and interesting.

The public is earnestly invited to make the Free Gallery a place of familiar and frequent resort. The apartment will be found well provided with seats, catalogues and every other requisite for the full enjoyment of the masterpieces upon its walls and tables.

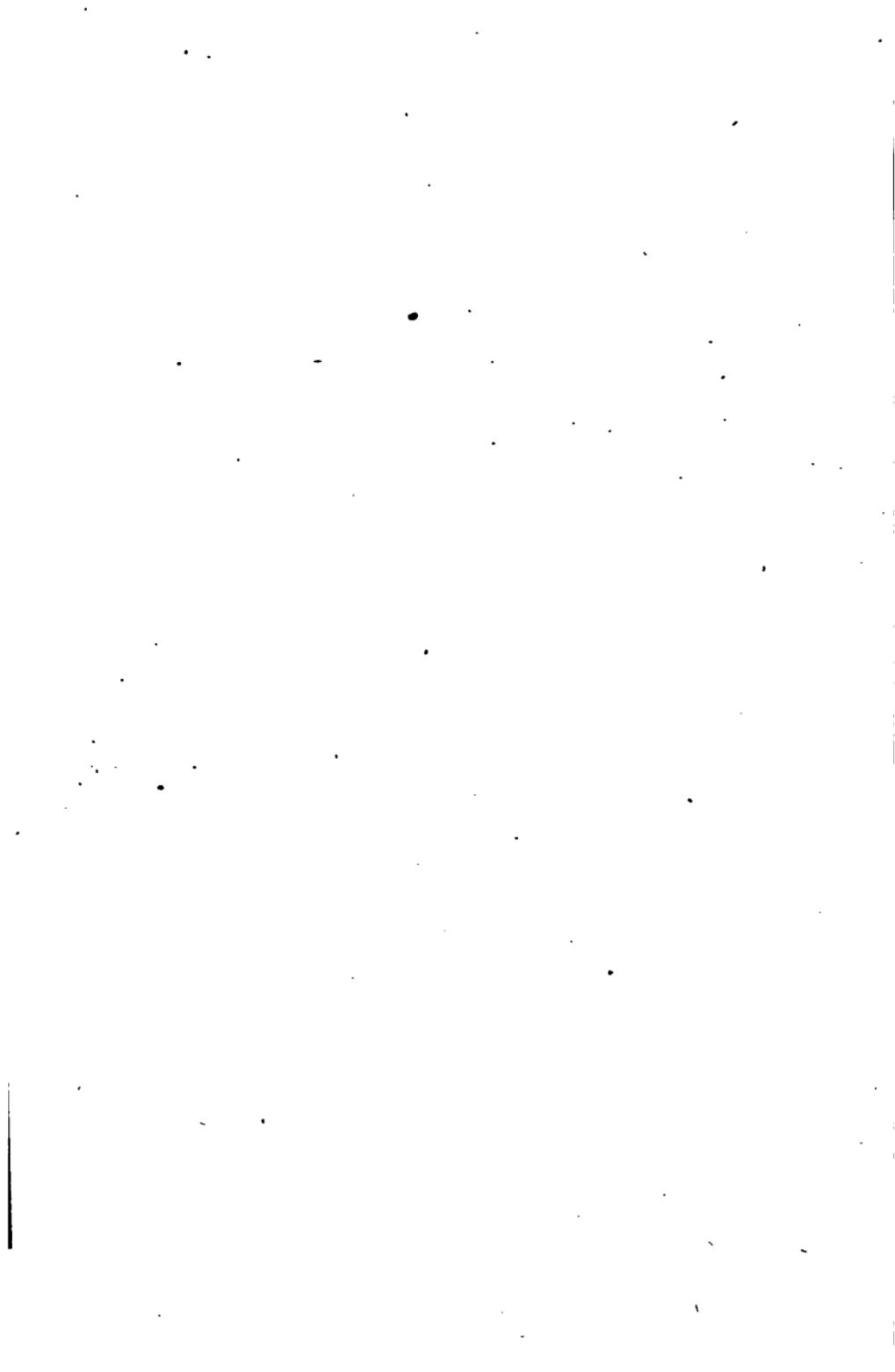
In the Morning of Life.

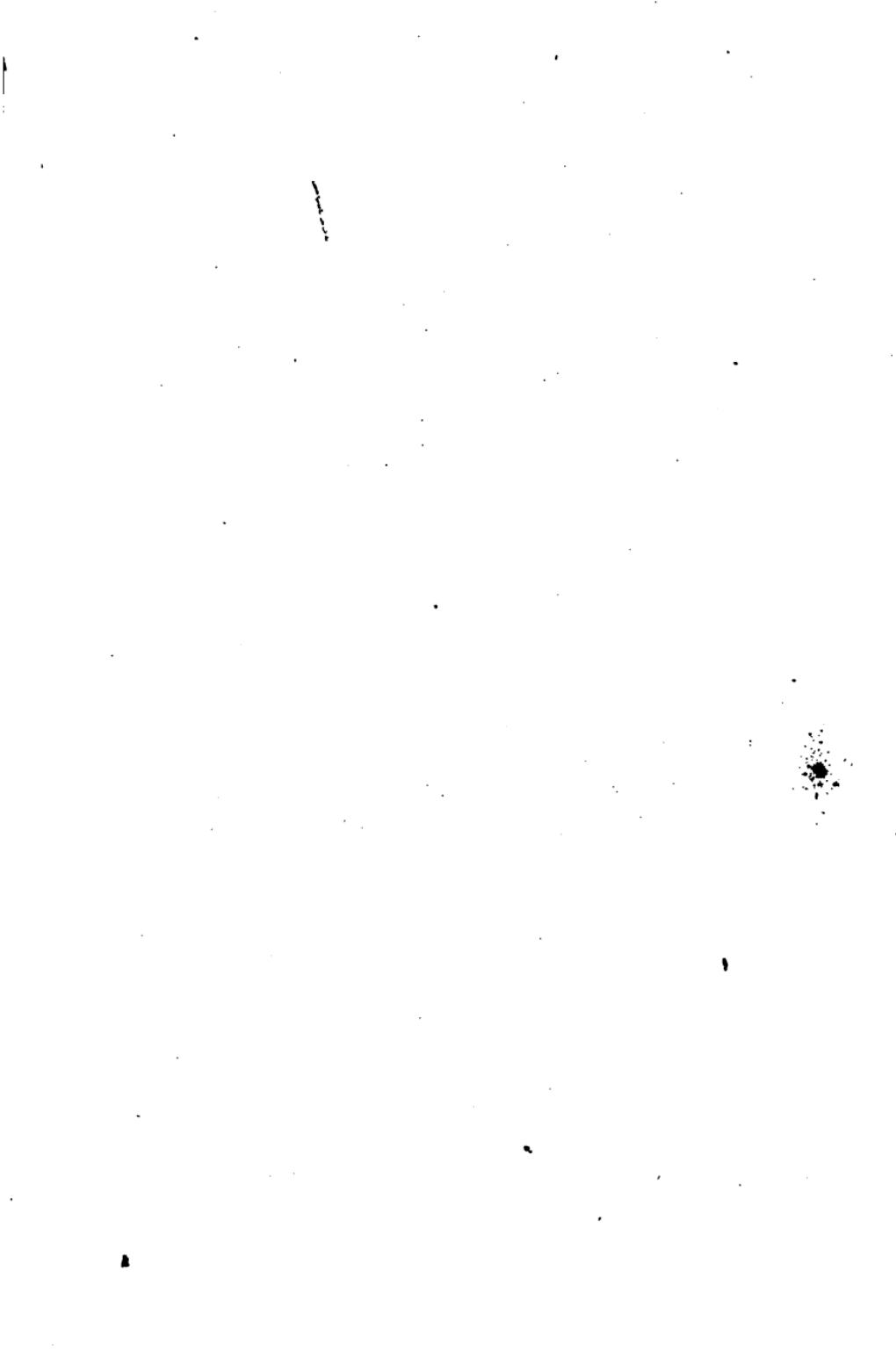
In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may ;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ; [high,
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, tho' splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odor no worth ;
'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of Showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
So it is not 'mid splendor, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears ;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.







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